LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....

Shelf PS 1499

C19

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TETHERED TRUANTS;

BEING

Essays, Sketches and Poems

BY

W. C. COOPER, M. D.

15690-C

CINCINNATI, OHIO:
SULLIVAN PRINTING WORKS,
1897.

FS1469
C11

COPYRIGHTED
BY W. C. COOPER, M. D.
1897.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO

MY WIFE AND MY DAUGHTER.

INDEX.

PAGE

A Johnstown Episode, ... 48
Ambition's Dream, ... 16
An Episode, ... 49
A Reticent Reformer, ... 81
As Johnny Tells it, ... 23
Aesthetics of Suicide, ... 24
A Simple Tale and True, ... 76
As Three-year-old Mabel Tells it, ... 172
A Picture in Reminiscence, ... 165
As to Walking, ... 70
A Tomb, ... 11
Atheism, ... 104

Bill and Serafener, ... 108
Bill Warnick, ... 71

Cincinnataire, ... 143
Cleves, ... 169
Compound Case Complexly Treated, ... 196
Consolation, ... 198

De Ignernce of Some Folks, ... 23
Dialect Poetry, ... 135
Do Right and Trust in God, ... 183

Enfant Terrible, ... 186
Episode in a Homely Man's Life, ... 64
Etidorhpa, ... 153

Finite vs. Infinite Logic, ... 119
Fo'th-July, ... 80
Frenetic Fangles, ... 68

God's Will be Done, ... 148

Had Her Fortin' Told, ... 140
How it Was, ... 18
How Strangely Things Happen, ... 182

Idealism and the Nature of Mind, ... 159
Intension, ... 128
Irene, ... 29

"Jimsy," 92
Jingo, ... 118
Johnny's Views About Goats, ... 9
Jonas Hawk, ... 12

Latent Faculties of the Mind, ... 144
Laughing Anna Lide, ... 10
Letter from a "Subject," 74
Literary Merit and Short Stories, ... 30
Little Goldin' Hair, ... 127

Marvels of the Unseen, ... 110
Me'n Hank an' the Gyrls, ... 100
Mental Gymnastics, ... 173
My First Love, ... 170
My Grandmother's Yard, ... 17

Ole Bob Griggs, ... 139
Our Edie, ... 164
Our Evangel, ... 56
Our Happy Family, ... 189

Paint Me a Picture in Music, ... 55
Preterist Critics, ... 2

Rejuvenation, ... 57
Religion and Medicine, ... 177

Saved, ... 120
Scientific Lessons, ... 149
Seth Smith, ... 114
Should is Shall, ... 134
Sparking, ... 194
Stellaline, ... 1
Subjectivity, ... 190

Take Hope Brother, ... 195
The Ascent of Life, ... 42
The Bachelor's Quandary, ... 132
The Bad Boy, ... 175
The Devil, ... 155-156
The Dream City, ... 40
The Double Fight, ... 28
The Jumpin' Race, ... 133
The Little Tin Soldier, ... 63
The Locomotive, ... 142
The Moon, ... 62
The Picnic, ... 157
The Poppy's Spell, ... 69
The Rising Tragedian's Last Appearance, ... 130
The Scheming Microbe, ... 50
The Spirit of Beauty, ... 148
The Spring, ... 90
The Tramp's Grievance, ... 56
This and That, ... 41
Times of Yur, ... 91
To Bassett, ... 87
To James Whitcomb Riley, ... 193
To Laurie, ... 88

Vernal Muse-ings, ... 73

Wail of the Agnostic, ... 107
Walt Whitman, ... 19
What is Poetry, ... 51
Who May Pray, ... 192
Wisdom, ... 39
Wise Johnny, ... 22
Written in Emma's Album, ... 185

Preface.

BUT for a specific and relentless pressure, it is certain that my scraps would never have segregated into bookhood. Explicitly stated, the work represents a concession to the loving unreason of my wife and daughter, its existence being directly accounted for by their ability and zeal as special pleaders. This, notwithstanding the kindly encouragements of many intimate and stranger friends, to all of whom I am deeply indebted.

In general, I beg the reader to accept me for what I am, and the book for what it is. If it happen that some of my conceits, doctrines and utterances are in heretical relation to his own, let him charitably remember that my disagreement with him is precisely measured by his difference with me—neither of us is in fault. It is better that each forgive the other his benightedness, looking to the eternal verities for a final adjustment of the matter. The book was not written for a class, but will be least objected to by independent thinkers.

If the orthodox will overlook a little heterodoxy; if the staid will condone a little free-gatedness, and if all will forgive the poetry, then everything will be satisfactory, and the whole lot of us shall be happy.

W. C. C.

CLEVES, O., February 15, 1897.

Explanation.

IF I HAVE kept my subscribers and intended patrons waiting a long time, the reason for so doing has been a sufficient one. Droves of angular circumstances, supplemented with flocks of horned exigencies, have beset me with a devilish pertinacity which, it seems to me, was worthy a better cause. But, half accepting it that Fate knows what she is about, I have made a virtue of necessity, and with a metallic smile, shaken hands with her uncanny heralds as they came along.

In this connection I want to thank all who have extended a helping hand. My gratitude goes out particularly to Walter S. Hurt, aforetime editor of *The New Bohemian*, for his valuable editorial assistance. This gentleman is one of the most brilliant prose writers, and one of the truest poets I ever knew. Add to these equipments an inexhaustible mine of good-fellowship, and you have the character of the man whose encouragements and practical helpings have been invaluable to me. It is a matter of profound regret to me that he could not get the time to thoroughly edit my manuscript. The fact is, he got to devote only one short day to it. I am personally responsible, therefore, for the many literary and other faults of the book. If my ambition had been greater, I might have managed to make my book better, but if all my friends and past readers get each a copy of it, and will be heroic enough to be satisfied with it as it is, then my dizziest dream will be realized.

W. C. C.

TETHERED TRUANTS.

STELLALINE.

Her beauty is something to dream of and die—
The cast of Camilla's, constraintive and clean,
But intenser and still more suggestively high:
'Tis only evolved in the ultramost sky—
The beauty of my Stellaline.

She was one with the angels that dwell 'mid the stars,
And they named her, this seraph, for Astraland's queen,
And they ravelled out ribbons from rainbow bars,
And jewels they caught from the flamings of Mars,
These angels, to deck Stellaline.

Of gossamered sunset, and spangled with glints
From the scintillate soul of divine hippocrene,
Her robe, they festooned with hyperion hints
Of heaven's own jasper and pearl, in their tints—
For my soul's sunlight, Stellaline.

Through her mystic, miraculous, marvelous hair,
With its gold, and its glitter, and shimmer and sheen,
They sprinkled the sparkle of stars twinkling there,
And a bouquet of flushes, and flashes and flare,
They pinned on my own Stellaline.

And out in a realm remote from the real
Of time, and its paltry transpirings terrene,
They wove for her brow, in this border ideal,
A crown out of blushes, and kisses, and feal—
All this for my heart's Stellaline.

Through vistas lethean, o'er furthermost pastness,
In oversoul transport, in trances serene,
I floated through measureless, visionful vastness
To her, and absorbed, to its ultimate lastness,
The presence of sweet Stellaline.

PRETERIST CRITICS.

You will find them in each social stratum. The boy who is inordinately "stuck on himself," objects to the local champion at marbles as being "thes middlin", "at's all." The other boys are to infer that he has been accustomed to seeing games played by the most brilliant professionals, and they—his playmates—are to be struck with wonder and reverence. They are to realize their own insignificance, and to recognize his superiority.

When this boy becomes a young man, and you go to the circus with him, he will tell you, after the performance is over, that it was "no good at all—it was poor entertainment for people who have seen *circuses*." You are to be awed and you are to envy him. It makes no difference how meritorious a performance may have been, this self-coddler will always express himself in the same strain. He feeds on the real and imagined fruits of this meretricious autoglorification

When he gets into letters, he infallibly becomes a critic—one of that breed who can see but little merit in present-day writers. You must know, first of all, he is a classicist, and that his mighty spirit has been accustomed to browse in the bowers of ultimate literary upness and outness. It must be injected into you that his regular tipple has been hippocrene with Pierian-Spring water as a "pusher." He has romped with Pan over Parnassus and Helicon, and has done the bare-back act on Pegasus through

Tempe Vale. How should *he* be expected to relish the rhythmic drivel of now? We are to stand in awe of him and when he frowns upon modern poets, they are to wither, and fall away into demnition bow-wowdom.

The writers of every period, particularly the poets, have been thus condemned by their classic critics. Poor old Horace, Homer and Virgil, although they did nearly as well as many of our present-day men of letters, weren't appreciated by the world till ages after they were dead. This is true, in only a less degree, of writers of the more modern past. It is safe to say every considerable poet must wait till a large oak tree has grown on the site of his grave, before he can fully *realize* on his poetry.

To a person who has more strong common sense than conventional finish, this state of affairs is inexplicable. It is the more so, because, owing to his rigorous and fair method of thought, he understands that that quality of enchantment which inheres in far-awayness is fictitious. He will reason thus: "If all my other senses are *immediately* trustworthy, why not my æsthetic sense? Other things being equal, why am I more capable of passing upon the merits of Wordsworth's poems than was my antetype of his day? I know that age improves whiskey and fiddles. Can this be true of poetry, so that doggerel of the sixteenth century becomes excellent poetry in the nineteenth century?"

Our friend does not seem to know that we have two classes of critics—the true critics who are

humble and few, and the professional critics, who are popular and many. The true critic is, himself, a poet, whether a writer or not. He knows poetry the moment he sees it, but his influence is small because there are so few of him.

The popular literary critic cannot do it himself, but he knows how it ought to be done! It is far within the bounds of justice to say that not *one* critic or editor in a hundred is capable of discriminating between true poetry and high-grade doggerel. The fact is, not one person in ten thousand is highly endowed poetically. Why should it happen then, that more than one out of many hundreds of our editors and critics, is a judge of poetry? They have dutifully read the standard poets, and been forced to practice scansion, paraphrasis, etc., at their academies, but this has not changed their poetic lack any more than it has changed the color of their eyes. Yet these are they who create literary orthodoxy. Out of a chaos of heavy epicoid, and sonnetic scholasticism they have evolved their ideas of poetry, and verse which does not square with these is squelched. This acquired taste is the natural adjunct of preterism, and the latter is the offspring of the most feculant quality of autolatry there is. It is the high office of the *usual* professional critic to damn into present oblivion poetry, which, under stress of intrinsic merit, will ultimately blossom into immorality.

Now, let this be denounced as the pasquinade of a soured poetaster or whatnot, I want to submit a couple of propositions which, while they will be

condemned by the regulation critic, will, I am certain meet the hearty approval of all true poets. First: While it is technically convenient to call an epic a poem, it is not *poetry*. Second: The *real* poet does not write epics, and writes sonnets only as a concession to the putative taste of the unpoetic literary. This is flagrantly heretical, for epics and sonnets are the aristocrats of orthodox letters.

Poe knew exactly what he was talking about when he said: "I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, 'a long poem,' is simply a flat contradiction in terms," etc. It is a fundamental principle in nature that all essences and highly concentrated things are produced sparingly, and are satisfactory to the consumer only in small amounts. For an irresistible natural reason, we eat honey in small quantities. Poetry is to the mind, what honey is to the body. Nature is self-consistent throughout. A poem is a literary erethism—it is the product of a soul on fire.

Language becomes poetic when it touches the æsthetic sense. This, and this only establishes the line of demarcation between prose and poetry. The thought back of the poem, and each idea behind bursts of phraseological beauty and sweetness *through* the poem, and each interlineal and interverbal meaning *within* the poem—these are *common* to prose and poetry. Every rhetorical embellishment, such as allegory, metaphor, simile, etc., is common to prose and poetry. The poet is allowed peculiar licenses, but since the use of them about

always detracts from the merit of poetry, the concession may be said to mark a weak link in the chain of *belle-lettres*. Rhyme and rhythm are effective poetic accessories by virtue of their melodic quality, though it is remarkable that much that is accurately rhymed and metred is not poetry, *vide* Cowper, Pope, Scott, Milton and millions of others of lesser note. Prose-poetry, so-called, is simply poetry *sans* meter and rhyme, and its poetic quality, like that of regular verse, depends solely upon the fact that the writer was a poet. Poetry depends wholly upon method of statement, and transcendental definitions of its essence must yield, at last, to the fact that poetry cannot be translated into another language—a fact which is secondary to the fundamental fact that *there could be no poetry if there were no poets.*

Finally, I should like to see some heavy-weight critic of the preterist type tell us *wherein* much of our present-day poetry is inferior to that of the past. Why, for instance, is not Riley *at least* equal to Burns? I am an enthusiastic admirer of Burns and I know him by heart; but I hold that, in many respects, Riley is his superior. Riley far exceeds him, as he does any other poet that ever wrote, in versatility. His concepts are as strong and brilliant, and his verse is certainly as smooth as are those of Burns. It is undeniable that the best poetic outputs of the present are far superior in intelligibility, elegance, and finish to those of all, except the recent past. This is because of their innocence of inversion, and their lesser dependence upon poetic license.

Note the grateful directness of all of Riley's poetry. I challenge the critics to produce anything of the past that is *poetically* superior to Riley's "South Wind and the Sun."

James Newton Matthews ranks evenly with Riley in everything except versatility. Will some accommodating critic name some poem, written from one hundred to one thousand years ago, which is superior in any respect to Matthews' "In Tempe Vale?" Please draw from the past, poems superior to many of Rudyard Kipling's, Will Hubbard–Kernan's, Joaquin Miller's, Algernon Swinburne's, Ben Parker's, Frank L. Stanton's, Ella Wheeler Wilcox's, Maude Andrews', Edmund Clarence Stedman's, and those of very many others who are fillipping out sparklers as the days are told.

Is there any physical or spiritual reason why the poets of *now* should be inferior to the poets of *then*? In fact, does not higher civilization and greater refinement increase the scope of thought and imagination? Isn't it logically deducible that the poetry of the present ought to be, as it is, superior to that of the past? Shall natural procession stultify itself?

It is *au fait*, I know, to rave over heroic verse that bears to us the tussling and tragic tang of the bloody long ago. But that this is merely vain, silly *fashion*—justified only by the edicts of unpoetic, stilted, and self-absorbed classicists—is evident to all who recognize the difference between the spirit of the savage ages, and that of the present era. My idea

is prettily illustrated in some simple lines, written some time ago by my neighbor and friend, Will Harrell. I will quote a portion of it; enough of it to show he is a heretic—which he confesses—and a poet, which he denies.

Through the sun-haunted dells of Lyric land,
On the music-freighted breeze,
Came a challenge song to a gladsome throng,
That played 'neath the spangled trees.

"Oh, I am the spirit of old-time song,
And I come to sing to thee,
Of the time-crown'd lays of other days—
Of a vanished minstrelsy.

"Of the songs that made the hearts of men
To burn with false desire;
To challenge death with their dying breath,
And to wade through seas of fire;

"Of demons and war, and hate and fears,
Of furies, and fire and hell,
Of taunts and jeers, and bloody tears,
Of chains, and the prison cell;

"Of men whose dearest loves were swords,
Whose music was shrieks and groans,
Whose highest delight was deadly fight,
And the horror of dying moans."

Then forth from the midst of that happy band,
There glided a vision fair—
"Oh, I am the spirit of present song,
And I bid you welcome here.

"We stand on our sun-kissed mountains,
And speak to our laughing seas,
And the only answer they give to us
Are joyous melodies.

* * * * * * * *

"The darkest cloud that our fair land knows
Are the shadows of bright sunbeams,
And the only death that comes to us
Is sleep and beautiful dreams.

* * * * * * * *

"Then on billows of mirth we'll float o'er the earth,
And frowning Despair will laugh,
As we write on the breeze that caresses the trees
Dark Misery's epitaph."

I know it is enormously immodest in me to write as I have written on this subject. I have practically assumed to be a poet myself, and I have pitted my judgment against that of those high in authority. I herewith acknowledge that I am not a poet, and that my authority in the matter doesn't cover more than half an acre of territory. This is the least I should, and, as it happens, the most I could do. I beg my readers not to feel that my dicta are final, but to accept them as merely the opinions of one very humble and inconsequential individual.

JOHNNY'S VIEWS ABOUT GOATS.

Goats is awful nice, an' they kin gee, an' haw, an' wo,
An' bock, an' make you cuss same like a man when they won't go;
But they are littler 'an a hoss, an' stiffter like, an' they
Kin butt the stuffin' out of anything comes in their way.
An' their tail hangs with the down end up, an' they ain't jes'
No good fer flies—they're on'y put that way fer looks, I guess.
An' goats smells curuser 'an a hoss, an' they air got a beard.
An' they whicker twict ez differnt from any hoss I ever heerd.

LAUGHING ANNA LIDE.

O, the laughter of my darling—
It's my food, and it's my drink;
It helps me when I'm thoughtless,
And when I want to think;
It brightens me, it lightens me
Beyond all else beside,
Does the singing, ringing laughter
Of my little Anna Lide.

When a pun breaks in upon her,
As so happens now and then,
O, her flood of cachination
Beats the cackle of a hen,
And the tickled, tittering echoes
Dance out in circles wide,
To the tripping, ripping laughter
Of my sweet-heart, Anna Lide.

When I took her to the circus,
And the clown unloosed his wit,
She burst her corset, laughing,
And had a purple fit,
And the surging, splurging audience
Laughed till they nearly died,
At the after-laughter laughing,
Of my laughing Anna Lide.

And when we went to sleigh-ride,
And the horse ran off with us,
And dumped us down a hillside,
In heap promiscuous,
The list'ning, glist'ning woodland
In echoing mirth, replied
To the pealing, squealing laughter
Of my precious Anna Lide.

When e'er I bring her gum-drops,
Or other sweet surprise,
Oh, the music of her laughter
Makes me think of paradise,

And the feeling stealing o'er me,
Draws me closer to her side,
To quake, and shake in concert
With my jolly Anna Lide.

The tender, melting cadences
Of harpsichord, or lute,
Or sweet and liquid warblings
Of the silver-throated flute,
Are fine—divine, I know it,
But to me, are tame beside
The trilling, thrilling laughter
Of my pet-est Anna Lide.

Oh, it's fresher than the twitter
Of any singing bird—
It's just cascading joyousness,
The sweetest ever heard;
It's a drift of gift from nature
To my will-be little bride—
The swirling, purling laughter
Of my ownest Anna Lide.

A TOMB.

Upon a knoll, shaped in the dawn of time,
But flanked now with a forest's vista'd gloom,
And where the winds sob in perpetual rhyme
With old Ohio's dirge, there is a tomb.
No monument in tow'ring grandeur there,
Writ o'er with all the stirring, thrilling story
Of how a hero grand toiled up to glory
'Gainst adverse fates that faced him everywhere,
But just a sepulchre, where now repose
Th' illustrious ashes of a son of man,
Who, by his might of worth, supremely rose
To shine conspicuous in a Nation's van;
Just this, but sacred as the proudest one—
The humble grave of General Harrison.

JONAS HAWK.

[NOTE.—I give this true sketch because it so strongly illustrates the importance of Christian union. The purpose is to help, not hurt true religion.]

It was impossible to decide which he was the more—shrewd or practical. The rest of his character was merely incidental to these, but after all he was a fairly good citizen.

Early in boyhood, Jonas planned to accomplish three grand ends, two of them having reference to his temporal, and the other to his eternal well-being. He would succeed in business; he would have a good time, and he would go to heaven.

It will be remarked that he was not utterly peculiar in this respect, but how many have reduced this triplicate dream to an actuality? The obstacles to the full realization of this happy trinity depend upon the difficulty of wedding frivolity to business sagacity, and particularly in reconciling "a good time," (as "the boys" understand it) with the possession and practice of regulation religion. How many millions have tried to realize ideal temples, builded upon this trinity of ambitions, only to fail miserably in the end. Perhaps Jonas was the only one who ever did completely satisfy this complex aspiration.

Barely second to his desire to contravene the devil was his determination to accumulate wealth. From his youth up, he had studiously observed that the swinker never gets rich—his toil is primarily for others, secondarily for himself. It was the suggestion of the commonest kind of common sense to reverse

this relation. Only the tens can do this—the millions must drudge. It was made manifest to Jonas, through profound self-communion, that he had been "predestinated" to be one of the tens. Of course the tens have only the Lord to thank for their natural estates, which, also, is exactly true of the millions. This was fixed and eternal truth, for hadn't he heard it enunciated from the pulpit a thousand times? It was therefore fair, though wearing an appearance of partialism referential to the tens. The situation, as it bore on Jonas, was eminently satisfactory.

With the utmost naturalness, he went into the patent medicine business. Being shrewd, as before stated, he made it go. Soon he had quite a broad and deep stream of dollars flowing into his exchequer. It must not be imagined that while he was getting financial affairs into satisfactory shape, he was neglecting his soul. Jonas was provident, as well as shrewd.

That he had a soul was his very profoundest conviction. As matters stood, according to technical ecclesiasticism, that soul was lost, unless he should adopt the correct belief and method of life. He had settled it that the Bible is true—that it is the absolute, inerrant word of God. He left it to religious professionals to reconcile its teachings to common sense, and to the right. Being such a practical man, it did seem strange to him that God had so obscured the truth—that truth upon the comprehension of which our eternal destinies depend—that no living

man knows positively what religious truth is; still he accepted the orthodox situation as SOMEHOW right.

Anyhow, there was a chance that some one of the creeds, founded upon the Bible, is right, or if not that, a fraction of the right was to be found in each. Jonas was a prudent business man, and did things upon business principles. He dealt with men at arm's length, exacting the last cent due him and paying the ultimate mill due his creditors. To him the thought that God is less strict and capable in his management of affairs than his creature, man, was blasphemous. Each orthodox creed insistently confirmed his position upon this head, teaching, as each does, that God is severe, exacting and uncompromising in the matter of religious BELIEF, at least. If a man owed Jonas one hundred dollars, should he (Jonas) be satisfied with five? If a man owed God a specific quantity and quality of faith and performance, shall he (God) accept less?

After pondering the matter carefully, Jonas was driven to the conclusion that his only safe course was to join a number of different churches, if not all of them.

There was a double advantage in this. First, he would probably get a saving amount of parts of the total right. Second, he could have all the pleasures of the unreclaimed sinner without endangering his certainty of heaven. As a member of the Catholic church, he could swear, get drunk, play cards, etc. He had plenty of money with which to pay out, either before or after death. However, he wanted to

eat meat on Friday: he didn't want to do penances, go to confessional, etc. As a member of the Protestant churches he could escape Catholic restrictions. As a Mormon, he could have all the wives he wanted. As an Israelite, Unitarian or Quaker, etc., he could escape the NECESSITY of a vicarious atonement, though he would be already enjoying its benefits. Besides, by virtue of his connection with the Hebrew church, he couldn't possibly violate the Sabbath. As a Christian (Campbellite) all baptismal doubt would be covered. Finally as a Universalist he would be saved anyhow, live as he might. It would have simplified the matter to have joined this church alone, but who knows that its doctrine holds a saving quantity of the INSTITUTIONAL right? This doctrine struck him as being more worthy of God than any of the others, and it seemed to him certain that it is supported by, at least, as much scripture as backs any other doctrine.

Jonas joined all these churches, but bless you, not in the same city. He understood the impossibility of that. Although, according to his theory, the more churches he belonged to the better were his chances of heaven, the churches themselves would not have tolerated such a proceeding as he was guilty of if it had been known. Remembering that they all profess to be "catholic," in the true sense of the word, this struck him as strange, if not positively inconsistent.

Although he got to attend each church only once or twice each year, he kept his dues paid, and his delinquency in the matter of attendance was forgiven.

When he died, his wife notified the various ministers of the churches to which he belonged, requesting each to officiate at the funeral. Being ignorant of the real situation, they all went, and—here, my pen fails me—you will simply have to let your imagination loose, dear reader.

Jonas got no funeral sermon, and all of the preachers who did not condemn him as a rogue, denounced him as a lunatic.

AMBITION'S DREAM.

(By Wharf-rat Johnnie.)

Tell you what I'll be - a steam-boat mate—
Stan' on de guard an' boss de freight;
Boss purt nigh everone you see,
An' dey hez to take it an' leave you be;
Cuss all de rousters tru an' tru,
An' deef an' dum, an' black an' blue,
An' no one dasn't to hender you;
Er mebbe, ef one don't work to suit,
Grab suthin-ruther an' bust his snoot.
Nen when she's load'nd, an' shoved thum shore,
Stowe way de t'ings 'an cuss some more.
When'ts all done an' she's under way,
You stay whurever you want to stay.
Stan' in wid de cook an' git de best—
Don't give a durn what comes o' de rest;
Shake dice wid de chump dat runs de bar,
Beat him fer a drink an' a good cigar;
Play poker at night—win ever last pot,
An' bust de whole shootin-match, like ez not;
Bunk-in 'thout hevin to say no prayer,
Er any such foolishin ez thet there.
Naint nothin' like it—its boss, its great—
You betcher I'll be a steam-boat mate.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S YARD.

Oh, it seems like ages, and ages have rolled—
Ages, and æons a hundred times told—
Back into the dim of the oldest of old,
Since the music of life was without a ritard,
And I played with my brother in grandmother's yard.

And it seems—O, myst'ry of mem'ry—it seems
But an hour, since I revelled through all of the dreams
Of boyhood, with all of its light-headed schemes;
When my life was the song of some far spirit bard,
As I rollicked with Robbie in grandmother's yard.

And that yard—there was no flashing fountain plashed there;
No costly exotics perfumed the sweet air;
No statues, nor prim evergreens anywhere,
But the lowlier things which our fashions discard
Found a home—made a heaven in grandmother's yard.

There were tall maple trees in whose generous shade,
On the sign-boardless grass, all the little ones played,
And the old people lolled, and young lovers strayed
With honey-tipped words, while the beautiful sward
Kissed their feet, as they rambled through grandmother's yard.

In the borders were old fashioned roses and pinks,
And marigolds, "pineys," and poppies, and kinks
Of sweet-williams, which furnished "the drinks"
The bumblebee held in such extra regard:
He always went stag'ring from grandmother's yard.

And sweet honeysuckles climbed up by the door,
And blue morning-glories, and gourd vines galore,
With hollyhocks back of the house, and before,
And there, with its sweep, and its gum aged and scarred,
Was the mossy old well in my grandmother's yard.

Ah, it etched itself into my yearning young soul—
That picture of nature, no art ever stole,
With its primitive beauty, its truth, and the whole
Sweet cluster of mem'ries, which made it so hard
To part me forever from grandmother's yard.

HOW IT WAS.

The Quankling creened over the edge of the spreen
And quaked at what it beheld;
The Yerking flew out through the lusterless sheen,
And the Crankadock whooped and yelled.

The Whangdoodle, perched on the outermost rim
Of the lonesome, disconsolate moon,
Picked its teeth with the claw of its nethermost limb—
Having eaten a red-headed Loon.

A voice floated up through the fog of despair,
From the dark abysm of Creel,
While the septical Specter, with sanctified air,
Was twisting the tail of an eel.

The Jabberwock skieuked in a plaintive refrain,
As the Phantom Phrout floated aboon,
And the Xentogriff played on the hewgag, a plain,
Unvarnished, and unnoted tune.

The Jumblewhack croaked in its clammiest voice,
As the flames burnt a hole through the dark,
While the poor scorched Scrochetule, having no choice,
Crept under the bed of a shark.

The Zimpleton whirled in a measureless dance,
And frantic'ly caught at the sprim,
And the Sputterbuck, seeing an excellent chance,
Knocked a Wunk from a Bungle tree limb.

The Chaotic King, in his deep carking care,
Smiled sickly, indefinite smiles—
His Kingdom was done, and its great Crack O'Doom
Was felt for trillions of miles.

Then a new order came, and system, and laws,
And beauty, and sweetness and light
Supplanted the chain made of doubts and of flaws
And lifted the world out of night.

WALT WHITMAN.

Did Walt Whitman write poetry? I think that while he was yet alive, the critics generally agreed that he did not. Now that he is dead, some of the ultraliterary have discovered a poet in him. Can these critics explain what it was that hid Whitman's poetic ability from them while he was still with us? Does it require tedious and protracted analysis and comparison to make a distinction between poetry and not-poetry, possible? This has always been a mordacious conundrum to me. I suppose it is because I, myself, have no difficulty in deciding such a question in about half a minute. If these slow-going critics will make it worth my while to do so, I will let them into the secret.

The first thing in Whitman's writings that struck me—and it struck me hard—is his outrageous indecency, if that is what it is. There is a "region of reticence" recognized and respected by Christian folks, the world over. Into this region he plunges with a headlong daring that is very startling, if it is not absolutely shocking. Other writers—thousands of them—have invaded this shunned precinct to a greater or less extent, but no other one, to my knowledge, has raided it as he has done under the mantle of legitimacy. Smollett and Swift did this field pretty thoroughly and still kept their footing in the domain of polite letters, but they both lived in a coarse age. Besides, their offenses against chastity

were atoned for—if that can be—by doubtless genius. Perhaps Swinburne is Whitman's greatest rival within the sphere of forbiddenness. But, as an offset, Swinburne can show up *poetry*. And anyhow, compared to Whitman, Swinburne is a neophyte in aphrodisian mordancy.

It has been said that Whitman's coarseness depends upon "a defect of artistic perception." Now which is this phrase the more—a fact or excuse? And would not this unrefinement result from indifference to the proprieties, rather than from any artistic fault?

It amounts to logical self-contradiction to say that a man of Whitman's deep insight, and far-reaching intuitions did not know the polite right from the polite wrong. It is certain that Whitman was fully capable of perceiving all the shades and bearings and effects of language in its artistic applications. He knew them well, but it was his earnest purpose to defy the social dicta of massive conservatism. It was his pride and glory to trample on conventionality. He had become disgusted with artificiality, hollow conformity and mawkish toadyism. His recoil carried him too far, that is all. He failed to distinguish between genuine, and fictitious convention. He knew the requirements of taste and delicacy by the lettered world, but he did not believe in them. To say that his capability of disbelieving in them depended upon defect of artistic perception is to give mere perceptivity important precedence of rational deduction.

I believe Whitman wrote consonantly with a grand theory of his own, or, at least, one which he believed to be his own. Having early been driven out on a tangent that had no end, the conditions consistently invited to the most extreme doctrinal conclusions. The ultimate of high art on canvass and in marble ignores those interdictions which, by delicate incidence, are a part of high civilization. Art knows no social necessity. Its habitat is in a realm where sex does not exist, except in the abstractions of outline and immaterial expression. This is true only of the highest quality of art, spiritually and æsthetically. Now, a masterpiece in high art is, in a transcendental sense, a poem. Why hedge poetry, real, and proper, with conventional limitations? It is the essence and spirit of a great inspiration out of which art's marvelous productions are evolved. It is a profanity—almost a blasphemy—to abridge its divine lexicon. Be it mine to break away from these arbitrary and cruel tyrannies—mine to soar into Heliconian heights, and traverse its starry vistas, and float in its iridal resplendence, free and untrammelled as God's sweet sunlight.

Thus I imagine Whitman argued, and thus concluded. So he has written stuff which we could not distinguish from illy rhythmed salacity, if it weren't for this theory. Quite an eminent writer has said that "while Whitman often descends to the brutally obscene, there is nothing in his obscenity pruriently suggestive." Here is a refinement of

distinction, which, at a superficial glance, is a little staggering, but its possible correctness would have to depend upon the undoubted fact that Mr. Whitman was honest and conscientious in all he wrote, disregarding always conventional rules, and deferring ever to his grand conception of poetic comprehensiveness.

I should say Walt Whitman was a poet, but in my judgment, he has written very little poetry. There is a very great deal of verbal detritus in his writings. They contain a vast amount of that quality of simplicity which barely escapes puerility for its silly weakness. Then there are passion-bursts, and flaming flights that he successfully translated into poetry.

Walt Whitman was a philosopher, a lover of his kind, and an optimist. He believed in God, and with unbounded thankfulness, accepted it that His goodness and power are more than equal to compassing a hopeful destiny for us all. Walt Whitman was a rugged, but beautiful character.

WISE JOHNNY.

I don't want no sore th'oat, ner cold into my head,
An' I don't want no stummick ache, 'at nearly kills you dead;
I don't want no chills, an' I don't want no biles,
An' I don't want thet offel grip 'at has so many styles;
I don't want no measles, ner no chicken-pox, ner mumps,
An' I don't want no ear-ache, 'at aches till it thes jumps—
I on'y want a sore toe 'at purt-nigh makes me cry,
Fer then, in place o' medicine, my mommer gives me pie.

DE IGNERNCE OB SOME FOLKS.

Dey's some folks so ignernt, you couldn't make 'em blebe,
Ef you'd argify from ebenin' twell broad daylight,
Dat de keows kneels down, at de een' ob Chrismus ebe,
When de clock am a strikin' fer de middle ob de night.

Dey nebber hed no raisin', and dey all wuz mos'ly bawn
In de dahk ob de moon, when de spotted hooperwill
Flies low, singin' moanful-like, befo' de airly dawn,
An' de ole gray owl hants de gable ob de mill.

Dey'll heah de hen crow, an' heah de pup whine,
When he's des fas' asleep fo' de fiah in a quirl,
An' dey doan' know de meanin' fer dey's done stone bline—
Fo' God! I wouldn't be so ignernt as dat ar fer de worl'!

Ole William Jawge Washington Ebenezer White,
He thinks he's mighty smah't an' he said *he* nebber cotch
No keows kneelin' down, middle-time o' Chrismus night,
An' he sot up heap o' times pas' twelve fer to watch.

An' when I splained dat keows doan nebber do dat ar,
When any mortal human is watchin' what der 'bout,
He larfed twell you could heah'd him half a mild, I do declar!
An' axt me how de people den done foun' it out!

I nebber wuz dithgusted mo' wusser in my life,
An' I tole him mighty plain, dat he wuz a niggah fool,
An' I 'vized him awful solemn fer to go home to his wife,
An' let her buy a primer-book, and staht him off to school.

AS JOHNNY TELLS IT.

We're got a kid 'thout no hair on its head,
An' it don't do nothin' but nuss an' be red,
An' taint got no name, on'y "Wee Tootsy Wee,"
An' its twict er tree times as little as me.

ÆSTHETICS OF SUICIDE.

Believe me, the above title is not adopted in a meretricious or catchy spirit. When it is remembered that about all things and acts have an æsthetic side, it is easily seen that the above heading is legitimate, if not positively *au fait*. Even so gloomy and grave a thing as self-destruction has its æsthetic features. This has been illustrated thousands of times, and now, since you come to think of it, you wonder that the fact never struck you before—if it never did.

Although I have never committed suicide, I feel competent to treat the subject more or less intelligently. This is because I have given special attention to it, but not for any reason that is of consequence to the reader. I think I can give you needed light in this important matter, and point out the most pleasing and acceptable methods.

The modes of taking one's own life differ in accordance with the temperament, *or* social status of the auto-killer, or temperament *and* social status of the same. This explains why a merely wealthy person may adopt a coarse, or at best, a semi-refined method of putting a period to his life. He has money, but not intelligence and culture. Generally, he jumped into wealth suddenly, and is shoddy because he couldn't climb out of himself, and leave his ignorance and coarseness behind. He likes loudness in everything, and will fall upon a loud plan of killing himself.

On the other hand, a person on the border of pauperism may be fine-fibred, and highly toned.

Such an one will not violate good taste in suicide, as he would not do this thing in anything else. Indeed, the suicide's method reflects with great constancy his temperament and the degree of his refinement. A coarse and ignorant fellow will end his life by swallowing powdered glass, or some corrosive poison, because he doesn't know any better. A vain and weak-minded individual will adopt some showy, or ingenious, or elaborate plan of shuffling. This is illustrated by those paranoiacs who guillotine themselves with a machine of their own invention and construction. These fellows do this in order to become a topic after death.

The following suggestions and directions will be useful to those who contemplate suicide. Remember that in attempting this important act (important to you,) it is due society that you do not make a failure of it. Besides, it would lay you liable to suspicion and expose you to ridicule. Next, select a method which will not harm the sensibilities of your friends. Do not jump off the roof of a four-story building, for that would reduce you to a "stale and unprofitable wad," making a most unsightly corpse of you. Your friends would hardly forgive you. Do not attempt to cut your throat, because, besides the chances of failure owing to your ignorance of anatomy, it is so common and mussy. If you must do it by this method, do it out on the ground where you can't ruin carpets and things. Do not hang yourself, because strangling is very disagreeable, and criminals are hung by law. It is vulgar and opposed to the

etiquette of good society. Do not throw yourself under an express train, because that would mangle you so that you would not be recognizable, in all probability; and anyhow an accident, or foul play might be suspected, so that you would not get credit for your act. There are many other methods which fall under the condemnation of our best people, but they will readily occur to you. Terminal facilities on this line are not so few and bad that we need to take a fourth-class method. I will now refer to a few styles which are in good form, and which naturally commend themselves to the polite and well bred.

Drowning is allowable, for although temporarily disfiguring, it is said to be a pleasant death, and in the matter of death, even fashion bows a little to humanity. The draw-back to it is that your friends may be put to much trouble in recovering your body. Freezing though probably a pleasant death, after a little preliminary suffering, is generally impracticable, especially in summer-time. The people of Manitoba, who can command a blizzard at any time, enjoy superior advantages in this respect. A good feature of this style depends upon the fact that it gives you plenty of time for rètro- and introspection, after you have taken the initial step. It is in good taste. Note.—When you have determined to go out by this route, always leave an explanatory letter, lest your friends conclude it was an accident.

Next to the use of unirritating lethal agents, sending a bullet through the brain is the best method,

in a humane sense. Its objective fault depends upon shocking detonation, and some disfigurement. It is a well-known fact that soldiers who are shot directly through the brain (anteroposteriorly) were always found with a smile on the face, or at least without lines of anguish there. This method is accepted in the best society.

Any analgesic, narcotic, or anæsthetic, if pushed far enough will kill. Opium, however, or some one of its products, is deservedly the most popular in upper circles. Sulphate of morphia, (morphine) is, *par excellence*, the suicide's friend. It is clean, chaste, pharmaceutically elegant, and it is nearly tasteless; besides, you can take it so unostentatiously. Compare these qualities with those of an asp, and think of this reptile being placed in your bosom! But Cleopatra lived in a rude age, and moreover morphine had not yet been evolved. Anyhow, the mode was partially justified by the taste of the period, which craved the tragic and dreadful, especially within the sphere of royalty.

When you have settled it that you are going to blot out your own existence, arrange the modus operandi with reference *first*, to the effect it will have upon the sensibilities of your friends, and *second*, in regard to the suffering you must endure personally. There is fortunately one method which brings that firstly and secondly into coincident relationship. I refer to the morphine manner with proper modic accessories. Observe the following directions, and you will not miss it much.

Purchase as fine a suit of clothes, black or otherwise, according to your age or sex, as you can afford. Get shaved if you are a man, and whether man or woman take a bath. Don your clothes, pin a bouquet of smilax, immortelles and cream rosebud, with background of arbor-vitæ, on your bosom; slightly spray your person with the perfume most affected by the *elite*. Swallow your dose and lie down. The best time for this is at your usual retiring hour. Make it certain that you will not be discovered till you are safely dead.

Having swallowed the drug, you will not have to wait long till tingling sensations will be felt in your extremities. Then soon a delicious drowsiness will steal over you, and you will gently float out into those music-haunted vistas of iridescent light which end in the effulgence of the echoless shore. Besides having faded out of life in the sweetest possible manner, you will have touched the very zenith of polite requirement in suicidal circles. This is the model, and if the poor approximate it as nearly as possible to them, their shortcomings in the matter, will be partly condoned.

THE DOUBLE FIGHT.

By Johnny.

Bill Grubbs th'owed his cat on our dog, an' we
Soon seen, way the fur flied, thes how tud be—
When Bill lemme up, hardly know'd where I'm at,
But I'm *way* head—pup licked his Tom cat!

IRENE.*

Come to my sheltering arms, Irene,
And pillow your head on my yearning breast;
Pillow it there, and at last find rest
Like a tired bird in its little nest,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My wayward, wand'ring Irene.

Come to my eager arms, Irene;
Fly from the tinsel and glitter and glare
That dazzle the soul, as they hide the snare
Spread for innocence everywhere,
My beautiful fallen queen –
My faded and jaded Irene.

Come to my open arms, Irene;
Spurned and despised, as you are, by all;
E'en by the wretch who caused your fall
And settled upon you this dreadful pall,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My saddened, maddened Irene.

Come to my outstretched arms, Irene;
Wearied you must be of sinful sights—
Tired and sick of the false delights
That fill up your days and delirious nights,
My beautiful fallen queen –
My hunted and haunted Irene.

Come to my hungry arms, Irene,
Oh! I am longing and longing to prove
To you, and the world, and the angels above,
The infinite reach of a spiritual love,
My beautiful fallen queen—
My trampled and tarnished Irene.

Then come to my lonesome arms, Irene,
And pillow your head on my waiting breast—
Pillow it there, and at last find rest
Like a tired bird in its old-home nest,
My beautiful fallen queen,
My pitiful little Irene.

---

*Irene is probably the most spiritual thing I ever wrote, though it is highly susceptible of misconstruction by the uncultured. The intelligent and pure in mind, will see its sermon. W. C. C.

LITERARY MERIT AND SHORT STORIES.

Literary merit—what is it? What does it consist in, and depend upon? It is a result of the nature of things that the true answer to this question does not instantly dictate itself. It does not define literary merit to say that it is that quality which satisfies a correct literary taste. The definition would be true and exact, if we could know what is meant by "a correct literary taste." And this is not to say there is no such thing as good and bad taste in literature, but this general sort of taste has reference to moral features, and is common to literature, art, manners, mode, etc. The coarse, mean, or bizarre are always in bad form, whether in literature or anything else.

It does not answer the question to say that whatever brain product pleases a majority of literary people, conforms to the unwritten canons of literary good taste. This is true because, owing to the nature of the question, the judgment of the minority is entitled to about as much respect as is that of the majority. The fact is, there seems to be no final tribunal to which we may confidently appeal in the settlement of a question of literary taste.

The truth of this conclusion has been illustrated countless thousands of times. Every new irruption into the universe of letters is attended with a vivid play and counterplay of critical scintillation. Have Coleridge and Wordsworth, even yet, found their proper niches in the temple of fame? How criticism blazed with reference to their just status amongst

poets. And this is true, in greater or less degree, of all writers who have made a place for themselves in literature. Where does Swinburne belong? Which is the better novelist, Dickens or Thackeray? Are Walt Whitman's literary products the output of resplendent and daring genius, or the weak maunderings of a self-misconstrued crank? Brainy men take diametrically opposed positions in reference to the merit of about every new book that comes out. What a sparkling eruption of multi-colored pro's and con's the Trilby flash created.

These remarks are properly preliminary to a discussion of the question now uppermost in polite literary circles, namely: What constitutes merit in a short story? When the question is propounded, we instantly fall to thinking about special qualities upon which stress has been laid by critics, and professional literateurs. These include condensation, perspicuity, clearness, and dictional elegance, so far as rhetorical construction goes; and animated movement, dramatic force, the avoidance of tedious description, the eschewal of "purple twilight" effects, and the sedulous patronage of elided denouements, so far as things extra to pure belles-lettres go.

After all though, these things constitute only the trestlework of a story. Dress a weak conceit ever so gorgeously, and it will be a weak conceit still, while a great, robust thought, or strong, original motif, tricked out in the tatters of bad grammar, will yet be commanding. It is a rather startling commentary upon literary genius that some of our strongest writers have to be blue-pencilled most. The Harper's

at this writing, are running a serial written by an author of tremendous force, but they have to expurgate large portions of the work in order to make it conform to the requirements of present-day civilization. The essential quality of genius seems to be an intuitive fire which blinds its possessor to the exactions of social convention. It is too bad this is true, and too true it is bad, *provided* the fact of a natural condition is not also the fact of its righteousness. But genius will burn its way to the front through every obstacle, and we need not concern ourselves about its literary methods. It is true there is a quality of genius which expresses itself through felicity of construction, and elegance of diction alone. It is a wonderful gift, and when, as rarely happens, it is conjoined with creative genius, we have an epoch-making presence in the domain of letters. Shakspeare furnishes the mightiest example of this marvelous conjunction of psychic elements.

As to the short story. Is it possible to formulate rules which shall be infallible as guides to success in this field? Is it probable that our most popular short story writers attained to their eminence through the punctilious observance of set principles in composition, or is it more probable that they have simply *evolved* through self-expression? If the good short story writer is more born than made, should we take him as an example and seek to follow in his footsteps? Would not this be an attempt to accomplish the impossible feat of self-transcension?

It is a consequence of natural outcomes that there must be a *best* short story writer. Who is he, or she? Is this pre-eminent one Bret Harte, and if so, can any one tell just why he is the best short story writer? Although, under stress of a theoretic necessity, we must admit that there is an all-round best short story writer, it is a lugubrious fact that no one on earth knows who he, or she is. It is far from certain that your best short story writer and mine, are the same. If you feel that your success must depend upon an assimilation of your model's inspirations, and style, and I feel the same with reference to my chosen model, and we succeed in doing this impossible thing, what then? A vast piece of moral plagiarism, if not a stupendous act of literary piracy, has been committed. Our manhood has been dwarfed, a noble vocation has been smutted, and two miserable imitators have been added to the world's horde of frauds. I think we must acknowledge that the Creator was right in making it impossible for one man or woman to take on the personality of another. To kindle at the flames of another's genius is quite another thing, and so far from being compromising, is gloriously commendable.

Since then, we cannot absorb the individuality of another, and since it would be a bad thing to do, if possible, we must exclude model copying as a process offering no hope to the beginner.

There is a sense in which literary copying is possible. This species of imitation does not depend upon the individual peculiarity, but upon the

general literary vogue at the time. There are fashions and fads in the world of letters, which are no less pronounced and enslaving than are those in the sphere of dress and social custom. To be acute enough to catch this spirit, and write up (down?) to it, is to be shrewd and politic; I won't say it is to be nobly resourceful, and talented.

The fickleness of the reading public, so often alluded to by publishers, is the result of surfeit. A Niagara of books is pouring into the swollen literary tide with relentless ceaselessness. The reading appetite is subjected to new and fresh temptations every day which, yielded to to the limit of possibility, results in literary dyspepsia. A sort of continuous erethism is established which can be partially allayed, only by the intense *different*. This is that cloy which cries perpetually for the startling novel, the tensive strenuous, the feverish supreme. Many people—Americans especially—read too much. That rushing spirit which controls them in business affairs, also governs their bookish habits. I see no remedy for this. The demand for the products of unhealthful intension will continue, and it will be supplied; but this is not conducive to the development of a grand national literature. The hope of this must depend upon those literary artists who write under a native impulsion, and who are at least partial strangers to the sting of necessity's whip, and who are wholly free from the itch for notoriety.

Which is the better class of stories, those "written for a purpose," (as if all were not written for a

purpose) or those which seek to *merely* entertain? I should unhesitatingly say the latter; but who am I? A man with equal intelligence will just as unhesitatingly say, the former; but who is he? The judgment of neither of us, nor of either class we represent, will be final. It seems to *me* that the element of fiction detracts from the moral force of precept, and this is perfectly consistent with the admission that a story "written for a purpose" may be very good indeed. What I insist on is that a story which is good despite its essay, or homiletic feature, would be better freed from these. Our social structure is such that we cannot write a truly entertaining story without incidentally spicing it with forceful realisms, and philosophic, or moral facts. These rigorous qualities are essential, and concentrated, and their *incidental*, not *special* employment in a story, it seems to me, best conserves the proper end of fiction. I do not object to uniting instruction with entertainment, but the instruction should follow as a consequence (not distinctly preplanned) of the movements in the story. It will be objected that some of the most popular novels ever written, were written in subservience of a particular principle, or doctrine, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Looking Backward," etc., will be cited. The *fact* is that neither of these is a novel, properly speaking. Agreeably to this proposition, it is also a fact that not one-tenth of their popularity depended upon their fiction element. One was a true story, based upon a great principle of justice and humanity; it is

a truthful narrative sparsely decked with fictive blossoms. The book is nearly innocent of plot, and its construction required almost no imagination, or invention. The facts were at hand *crying* to be used, and the public was hungry for the facts. The book was a masterly political stroke, but not a great contribution to imaginative literature. It is a wonderful *book*, but not a wonderful novel.

"Looking Backward" is a happy elaboration of a political theory. It is simply an illuminated diagram of a large hypothesis. It is not a *novel*. This reasoning, with modifications, will apply to "Ben Hur," and all similar works.

The pleasure, and benefit we derive from fiction depends upon the satisfaction of a kind of æsthetic sense. Pure fiction responds to a class of ideal cravings, only less than do poetry, music and high art. It furnishes scope for imaginative excursions, and gives play-room to the partially conditioned creatures of fancy. To be the most pleasing, it should lift us out of the hard actual, and make guests of us in that upland of thought where events come as we would have them come, and the catastrophe is the glowing blossom of our fervent dreams. Because virtue exists out of vicious comparison, and success derives its possibility from resistance of obstacles, the employment of evil, and of villains in fiction is perfectly consistent with this lofty view of fiction's province.

My theory as to the true function of romance necessarily excludes extreme realism in story writing.

The more real a story is, the less it is fiction. If fiction is justified by a high-born element of our nature, then anything which subtracts from its essential quality, cannot be rationally defended. Realism does this. The fact that we cannot get out of, nor beyond nature does not justify a writer in leaving the same ill flavor in his reader's consciousness which unavoidable, actual bad happenings do. To do this is to injure his reader. We all get enough of cruel realism outside of novels.

The foregoing has special reference to that morbid taste, lately developed, which delights in unpleasant denouements. To crave something which is essentially disagreeable, is to be in an abnormal condition. What that physical appetite which craves chalk, clay, spiders, etc., is to physical health, the appetite for the horrible and uncanny in literature (including bad-ending stories,) is to mental health. It is a form of realism gone mad. It is literary hysteria.

That milder form of realism, championed by Howells and others, is less objectionable, but even it violates the true spirit of romance. The question, as viewed by this class, hangs upon the relative values of the *actual* probable, and the *ideal* probable in fiction. Since fiction is ideal, and not real, it outrages natural consistency to attempt to make it at once ideal and actual. We get our realism from newspapers, and every-day life, and we expect to *rest* our harried souls in the rosy cloud-land of some sweet dreamer.

The model very short story, I should say, is a piece of verbal sketchery illustrating some illumined phase of life; a spirited, quiet, or dramatic single scene in ideal life mentally kodaked; a flash-light revelation, as it were, of a happy conjunction of beautiful possibles. It leaves a sweet fragrance in your memory, and is a spiritual tonic.

The young man or woman, who is anxious to become an acceptable short story writer, cannot be so instructed that his or her success will be assured. Without the possession of a marked aptitude for it, the young person may be taught to survey land fairly well. This is true of almost everything else, including slash-away writing, but to become even a mediocre in fiction or poetry—especially the latter—he must be peculiarly endowed. This need not be discouraging, for it is remarkable what a large proportion of intelligent young people are naturally equipped for, at least, fair fiction work.

The possession of brilliant story-writing talent is not a guaranty against disappointments. The excess of supply, and the sharpness of competition cut some figure in hatching heart-aches in incipient authors, but the greatest obstacle to ready acceptances is the personal taste of editors. Presupposing perfect constructive ability on the part of the young aspirant, and even granting him polish and elegance in style, the probabilities as related to the acceptance, or rejection of his offerings, will depend almost wholly upon the agreement of his literary taste with that of

the editor to whom he submits his wares. An editor may try to be catholic and charitable in this matter, but he cannot get away from himself. That innate bias which constitutes his taste, and which is an important constituent of his very personality, will infallibly control his decisions in questions involving literary judgment. The truth is, as it appears to me, that any purely literary product you may offer an editor will not appeal successfully to his favor, unless there exists a kinship between your own, and his method of thought. This is necessarily true with reference to the relationship of editor and beginner. After the young writer has, at last, established a reputation, his stories will cease to be such travellers. His name will have come to be a mercantile argument in his favor, if nothing more.

Whether a young writer shall succeed, or not, will depend primarily upon his natural endowment, and secondarily, upon his patience and pluck. If he fail of securing recognition after, say twenty attempts with a dozen different stories, my advice would be that he give it up as a bad job, and try some other vocation.

WISDOM.

The Yerklet and Tomdigger flew o'er the main,
Then reversing their wings they flew back again,
Illustrating how, as affairs of life go,
That some things are *thus*, and some things are *so*.

THE DREAM CITY.

A World's Fair Poem.

Ah! the Dream City—the marvelous vision,
That seemed to have dropped from some far-away star,
Bringing with it the mystical hintings Elysian.
Of glories that shine where the Immortals are.

Ah! the White City—the flower of the ages,
With stem that reached back to life's grand syllabus
And drank of the wisdom of all of the sages,
To scent this white epochal blossom for us.

The Ideal City; the realized rev'ry
Of poets who've dreamed since dreaming began—
The wonder, whose domed beauty gave to us every
High-born art concept, there'd slumber'd in man.

Celestial City; for something supernal
There breathed through it all for interpreting eyes—
An essence from out of the spaces eternal;
The meaning we catch from the deeps of the skies.

Pure Poem in White, whose rhythms and rhymings
Were answering throbs to the questions of Art,
And all of whose cadences, measures and chimings,
Kept time with the world's great tumultuous heart.

Shall a sister be born in Millennial glory,
From out of the stress of some strenuous age,
And repeat and enlarge the vast beautiful story
Thou'st writ on Time's fairest—Time's æsthetic page?

Ah, Bloom of the Ages! the full-blown expression
Of all of the knowledge of all of the past –
'Tis withered, but humanity's endless procession
Shall breathe of its fragrance, while mem'ry shall last.

THIS AND THAT.

THIS.

O, what shall we say of the tyrant who sits
  Tripodic'ly throned in his den;
Who lifts to the skies, or dooms—as it fits
  The marvelous moods of his pen—
The scintillant genius who'd shine in the van,
Along with the editor man?

What blue malediction 's malignant enough
  For the wrecker, who makes it pastime
To jugulate all of your jaunty prose stuff,
  And strangle your first-born of rhyme?
What dire objurgation shall properly damn
This echinate editor man?

This dreadful, demoniac knight of the quill,
  This blue-pencil fiend, this hump, "We;"
This bandit in letters who watches to spill
  The blood of your brain's progeny;
What acrid anathema 'll fittingly ban,
This monster, the editor man?

THAT.

Lord, send us some miracle, haply to stay
  This mad manuscriptural rush;
To clear this dammed mass of brain-dribble away,
  And scotch this scribnarious crush—
Oh, what depth of jeer, and what height of jibe
Will silence the immature scribe?

Cheap fulminant fustian, altisonant bosh,
  Rhetorical tropes in distress;
Crass tangles and jangles of jingling swash,
  With no end of flapdoodleness—
This, this is the feast for the editor tribe,
That is served by the immature scribe.

Each following morning our immortal soul
  Must flounder chin-deep in a slough
Of callow concretions of slush, till the whole
  Composture has been waded through:
Lord, give us some potent spell wherewith to bribe
To Hades, the immature scribe!

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

All the attempts of all the philosophers to account for the ascent of life have been unsatisfactory. What a dazing thought it is, that, although we are central to, and a part of a mighty natural evolution which we *can* assist, we *can not* grasp its proximate cause.

Darwin's work was a grand intellectual achievement and is pregnant with momentous suggestion, but all who have closely studied it must have been disappointed in this: it does *not* explain how orders of life ascend. Even the acceptance of *fortuity* as a consistent element of development did not make such an exposition possible to him. This resulted from helpless collision with that prime obstacle which has, so far, defied all biological philosophers—I refer to the impossibility of *self-transcension.* Their logic has constantly cornered them into that ever beckoning fallacy, where life-planes are made to be lifted through an interplay between the supraphysical essence and *dumb* matter,

Stintson Jarvis has come nearer to a rational theory than any other writer I know of. His philosophy recognizes the necessity of an energy exterior to self-hood in raising life-levels. God's active immanence being contradicted by all natural manifestation, he supplies a passive all-knowledge with which all animated nature is in correspondence. He says: "Although all living things have been in correspondence with the all-knowledge, they apparently only acquired information, as their brain structures were able to be cognizant of a necessity."

His fatal error depends upon not having explained how this "brain structure" *could* become cognizant of a necessity. It could not do so of its own volition without *exceeding itself*—an impossibility—and the all-knowledge could not supply the information because of its passivity.

Mr. Jarvis's philosophy furnishes another method of accounting for life's ascent in *spirit-formativeness*. By this is meant adult realization of ideals impressed upon the embryo. A male and female hare, while sexual vanities are on, have ideal hares in their minds—hares that are vastly fleeter than they. This mental stress, by some mysterious ultimate process, endows the promised hare with improved possibilities as to fleetness. I wish there could be no objection to this beautiful theory, but are not vegetables as susceptible to improvement as animals? While the stock breeder is turning out faster trotters, is not the floriculturist converting single-petaled into "double" flowers? If it is certain that without man's intelligent supervision the double rose would have never been developed unless by *accident*, is this not equally true of highly developed stock?

A study of Mr. Jarvis's theory suggests a number of interesting questions, thus: Is spirit *formativeness* possible under pressure of necessity alone? If not, is developmental limitation theoretically impossible? Does *reversion* depend upon a correspondence between the creature and the all-knowledge? Is the practical limitation of development reached at that point where the animal has come to completely fit its

environment? If environment is a bar to further elevation, has it not a pessimistic significance? If all highly cultivated forms of animal life were deprived of man's supervision wouldn't they revert to their original status? If so, what becomes of spirit-formativeness?

There is only one theory that will *consistently* explain the elevation of life-gradiants. In it there are no final impingements upon the *requirement* of a self-eclipsed quality or thing. I have more than hinted at this theory several times in my writings. This theory depends upon the *facts*—as I hold —that *mentality is a material manifestation*, and that *all nature is expressed thought.* That the mind is material is about as demonstrable as is a geometrical problem. I have shown this many times in my past writings, but as it may happen that some readers of this book have not seen these arguments, I will devote a short space to a discussion of this phase of the subject.

Mind is either material or it is abstraction, *i. e.*, nothing. There is no room for anything between *something* and *nothing.* Nothing is unthinkable and indefinable. Its (it is not an *it*) only quality (it has no *quality*) depends (which is impossible) upon its inconceivability. We can not think of "nothing" because cerebration is concrete and can not contradict itself. Because of the substantiality of thought itself, you can not think of a spirit without endowing it with material qualities, such a shape, filminess, etc. We can not compass the abstract because some-

thing and nothing are not miscible. We can not *describe* the *not-material*, so to call it, because every word of every language depends upon material relationships alone.

There is a simple way of proving the materiality of the mind, emotions, etc. Thus, if ten persons lose their lives at the same time, won't there—other things being equal—result ten times as much grief as would have followed the death of one person? But we can not multiply abstraction. You can love Mary *more* than you love Ann. Comparison is possible to matter alone. *Ratio*, even, is not abstraction; first, because it can be conceived; second, because it is a *product* of material relationships. Indeed, the fact that it exists is the fact that it is not *nothing*. Uncounted proofs of the substantiality of all that is, including terms, periods, names, etc., could be produced, but space will not allow.

This theory certainly, probably or possibly, accounts for all phenomena. Standard philosophy miserably fails, especially in the realm of occultism. See with what avidity my theory springs to the solution of occult mysteries. It is a primary fact that hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., depend *directly* upon psychic telegraphy. Current philosophy can go no further. Under my philosophy the possibility of psychic telegraphy is almost entirely explicable. We realize that mind is a highly tenuous and active form of matter. Under specific conditions its ultimate molecules may be thrown into contact with those of another mind, and impress it

with its own peculiar aura and assertiveness. It would be pleasant to go into the minutiæ of this, but I have not the space.

It is gratefully noteworthy that the latest higher philosophic movements are directly toward my position. It is agreed that the immediate cause of all the invisible forces is *vibration*. Do they mean vibration of *vacuity* or *abstraction*? One step up, philosophers, and you will be all right.

Finally, the last conclusions of my theory are in definite alignment with our deepest and most sacred intuitions and hopes, establishing, as they do, that the soul is a substantial, indestructible entity. According to current philosophy the soul is but an ephemeral efflorescence.

If my theory is philosophy, then this vast question may be solved. The solution is so natural and self-suggestive that to me it would seem that question of its validity is simple concession to conservatism.

If an infant were born afflicted with an absence of the five senses, it could never be much more than a vegetable. This would be the case as affecting its relationship to man, for if a vicarious spiritual function existed, putting it in correspondence with natural expression, this would as well not be, so far as it and we would be concerned. Such a child would about certainly be a blasted bud, of the like of which, Nature is so immeasurably prodigal. Even food would have to be forced upon it, owing to the lack of the gustatory sense. It could never experience an

emotion, pleasurable or otherwise. It could never know *anything*, and could never rise one little degree in the scale of being.

This is instanced to enforce the fact that we are nothing of *ourselves*. Nothing is intrinsic to the untrammeled ego but the capacity to expand, and this depends wholly upon our relation to our environment. To sum it up: All knowledge comes from without ourselves. Any theory dependent upon autosuggestion is necessarily false. We are *creatures* hanging upon the causeless Cause, even as suckling animals hang upon their mothers' teats.

Such is our self-involvement that it is our habit to think of thought as something peculiar to the creature, man. But instead of being a thought producer he is a thought absorber. His whole environment is saturated with assimilable thoughts. Nature is man's only tutor. The tree, the mountain, the river—all are thoughts, thoughts which we appropriate.

The principle, extending into human affairs, proves the materiality of thought. We buy and sell and give away ideas—thoughts—as we do articles of commerce. I am now fixing my thoughts in something extrinsic to myself, for you, my reader, to absorb. The painter transfers a concept to canvas which you appropriate, and so on indefinitely.

It can easily be seen now, that the gradual ascent of life-forms has depended upon the reciprocal play of mentality between the creature and its thought-distributing environment. This philosophy applies

with equal fitness whether evolution started with simple protoplasm, or coincidently with directly-created animated expressions.

Whence the potentiality and differentiating power of the primal germ? The only possible answer to this is: They came from God. This golden thread of the Divine—the power of self-conservative apprehension—runs through all vital being, broadening, through increased absorption of environment, till it culminates in Nature's highest earthly expression—man. Remembering that both the proximal and distal extremities of being are lost—the one in God, and the other in His great book, Nature—are the mighty possibilities of the human mind to be wondered at? Starting as a possible promise from God, and ending in a greater or less fulfillment of that promise, this sublimated essence—the soul—is the crowning glory of present existence. In its distinct entitativeness; its limitless absorptive possibilities, and its marvelous qualities of apperception, it holds the doubtless prophecy of eternal existence.

A JOHNSTOWN EPISODE.

Oh, my delightful, delirious surprise,
When she whispered the word with her beautiful eyes;
It was almost too much for a mortal to bear—
My bliss, as I kissed her, and worshiped her there!

* * * *

Oh, the mad anguish—the awful despair,
That seized on my soul, in the blackening air,
When the flood, in its rush, and its crush, and its roar,
Tore my Love from my arms, and my life—evermore!

AN EPISODE.

I saw her but once, but the image of her
Is painted for life in my mind,
For naught can occur that may darken or blur
That vision of all that's refined.
The tripping piano was throwing a shower
Of musical pearls, and her voice,
With its magical power, in that magical hour,
Enslaved me, whatever my choice.

And I thought, as I sat by that beautiful belle,
Most eagerly catching the strains
That thrillingly fell, in ripples, or swell,
From her lips in melting refrains,
That music and beauty are but the repeat
Of some of the ecstasies given
In preludings sweet, by angels who meet
To welcome a soul into heaven.

And I felt as I gazed in the depths of her eyes
And saw her white soul pulsing there,
Serene as the skies of a bright paradise
Where cloud-shadows dark never are,
That a moment in such a divinity's presence
Were worth whole ages, denied
The sweet effervescence of music in essence,
And beauty's enthralldom beside!

THE SCHEMING MICROBE.

A microbe sat on a maiden's lip, right in its kissiest part,
And murmured, "I'll work that young man off in the highest
style of art;
I'll send a raging colony careering through his veins,
And they shall soak his system with a choice lot of ptomaines.

O, I'm of the choleraic sort, and the epidemic brand.
And you may bet the victim knows whenever I'm on hand;
For I raise a rumpus in his bow'ls, like a slowly bursting bomb,
Which only ends, as a general thing, when he reaches Kingdom
Come.

Now him that the grizzly microbe had in its meas'ly, pizen mind,
Was a nicish, youthish laddie of the hottest-blooded kind;
Who loved this sweetish youngish girl with an incandescent vim,
Which only found an offset in the way that she loved him.

Well, on the next sweet Sunday night, this nicish youthish man
Was seated on the same chair with his darling Mary Ann;
And he hugged till he nearly busted her precious diaphragm,
And kissed her sixteen hundred times with the zest of a batter-
ing ram.

The microbe had been swapped at least one thousand times, and
when
The young man left, the ornery beast was still with Mary Ann;
When her beau was gone, she finished up by kissing "Puggy
Wee,"
And next day that devoted pup most died of choleree.

WHAT IS POETRY?

It is generally claimed that poetry has never been defined. It is accounted a mystic essence which plays elusively between objectivity and subjectivity. It is the warmth and light of a psychic conflagration; it is winged ideality; it is the divine aura of intrinsic beauty.

This is all very subtle, and transcendental and enchanting, but it is not definition—it is poetic rhapsody about probable elements of possible poetry.

Alas! for the very *alasness* of it; it is a relentless and implacable fact that nursery jingles are genuine poetry. It is poetry to the tots, as truly as the highest quality of verse is poetry to the cultured poet. The part of the child's spiritual nature to which Mother Goose's melodies appeal, is exactly that part to which Shakespeare will ultimately appeal, if the child matures into a poetically gifted and refined scholar. The vilest doggerel ever written is poetry to a class. The very best and worst we can do, is to call this rhymic drivel a low order of *poetry*.

> "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
> Eating a Christmas pie,
> He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
> And said: "What a good boy am I!"

Now that is poetry to ten thousand times more people, little and big, than is the loftiest passage in all of Tennyson's poetic writings. Why is this true? Because, poetry inheres in *language*—not in the thought or concept back of it. It is true that the more pleasing or beautiful the thought, the more

grateful, or charming will be the poetry—if the writer is a poet. But is not this equally true of prose? The great broad, bottom fact of the whole matter is that there is no idea, conceit, psychic phase, imaginative flight, or spiritual meaning, possible to poetry that is not possible to prose.

There is a region in human consciousness where the æsthetic sense resides. This is the common fount into, and from which flow the higher artistic effects. A differentiation, with the result of special gifts, depends upon heredity and ultimate temperamental activities. Though not specially relevant to my theory, I will say a word bearing upon primary artistic endowment, as the outcome of determinational specificity. The remote cause of this incidence is lost in the occult deeps of being, and for all we know, may depend upon omphalomesenteric faults. Anyhow, the quality of the thrill brought into play by music is different from that exerted by poetry. The architectural, sculptural and painting thrills differ with each other, and with those of music and poetry. That of the architectural has a basis in the subconscious sense of geometrical fitness; that of sculpture, in form and expressional realism; that of painting, in natural fidelity combined with imaginative outgivings; that of music, in a pencil of thought submerged in peculiar emotion; and that of poetry, time and melodic satisfaction (as in music also) and intellectual and spiritual exaltation, the latter of which pertains likewise to music.

The proximate cause of all this is the physical differentia of our nervous organisms. The tone deaf,

owing to an abnormal condition of Corti's organs, are not offended by discords, but their hearing is as acute as anybody's, and they may appreciate poetry perfectly. If the æsthetic thrill were common, this would be impossible.

Poetry does not reside in the thought. The rough diamond does not sparkle. It must pass through the hands of the lapidary before it will do that. So of poetry; the conceit is merely the raw material out of which it is elaborated. The poet is the condition precedent, as also the condition essential to poetry, for in him alone inheres its possibility. Poetry does not exist potentially in an object, but is the *subjective* concomitant of the object in the raw, *provided* the subject is a poet. Whether, or not, an object yields poetry depends upon who treats it. The prosist transfers its beautiful features to your consciousness through hard, matter-of-fact language, and the result is prose. The poet, by the employment of verbal paint, and speech-music gets a poetic result. Ideality is simply the faculty of collating and arranging. It does not originate, except in a proximate sense, any more than genius creates outright. This is true, because it is a psychological fact that nothing is conceivable by the human mind, the component parts of which do not, or did not exist.

A very simple proof of the correctness of my position is seen in the untranslatability of poetry. It is very easy to reproduce, in any language, the thought upon which a poem is builded, but its poetic vehicle is non-transferable. Any of us may possess ourselves of Goethe's grandest concepts with all their depend-

encies, but we must be poetically gifted German scholars to get his poetry. Difference of tongues gives poetry a specific form of exclusiveness, while it is a marvelous fact that every other member of the æsthetic hierarchy is wholly non-monopolistic.

Whether a passage is poetic, or not, depends upon whether, or not, it touches the æsthetic sense. If it does not, it is prose to you. If it does, it is poetry to you, and those of your caliber and poetic endowment. There is every quality of poetry, just as there is of sculpture, painting, etc. Doggerel has a thousand appreciative patrons, for every one that the highest quality of verse has. The *real* audience of the masters in high art is small.

The greater a man's acquired attainments, other things being equal, the greater poet he will be. Although some of our best prose writers have scarcely been equalled in prose by poets, yet it is infallibly true that, the better the poet, the better the prosist. It is further true that the unlearned *true* poet will touch responsive areas in your heart that the most scholarly and polished prose writer will never reach. I may be called a heresiarch, but I could honestly be called worse names than that. If, in your judgment, dear reader, I have failed to establish my position, no harm is done. You will keep on loving poetry for your reason, and I will keep on loving it for mine, which, rhymically stated, is that:

> It carries the soul toward the realm æsthetic,
> Where Beauty and Purity and Mystery meet—
> Where thoughts are arrayed in the raiment magnetic
> Which genius weaves out of *words* fittingly sweet.

PAINT ME A PICTURE IN MUSIC.

O, paint me a picture in music, my sweet,
For thou hast the deft, inspirational skill
To limn, at thy pleasure, in echo, the fleet,
Evanishing shades of a blush or a thrill.

I'd have a remote of reverberant gloom,
Toned hitherward with an indefinite haze
Of sighs, melting out toward a desolate tomb—
In colors the saddest thy minor can phrase.

Paint a vision of beauty to dazzle the soul,
For once it was real, and shone but for me—
A woman, whose charms in magnificent whole
Compelled all things else, else her own destiny.

Let her be on a couch with her warm, eager arms
Enfolding her first-born—do this with thine art;
Then paint, in sound's tenderest touchingest charms,
Her first mother-smile with her babe next her heart.

"Too sacredly subtle" for thy grand art, even?
Canst give me the moaning, and fever, and pain
Of a saint falling back to her Father in Heaven?
Try that, oh, my darling, and try it again!

Then picture the sob, left in her last kiss
On thy velvety cheek, if thou canst. Ah, me!
In some other world, maybe—never in this,
Will such music mast'ry be given to thee.

My picture must float from the soul of a saint,
In the beautiful, dreamful and mystic Above.
For never the skill that is human can paint
The measureless depth of a mother's sweet love!

THE TRAMP'S GRIEVANCE.

What kin a feller do, when Congers won't ajourn,
But keeps a makin porpers, and don't give a durn
Fer nobody ner nothin? Hit jes' pears to me
'At they haint got no reel, square-out polercy.
Make sugar-coated speeches on the tariff bill,
Er mebbe tech up Clevelan', er go fer Sen'ter Hill—
What does 'at 'mount to? The thing we want to see
Is good times fer the workers, like they ust to be,
Cause 'at gives *us* a show fer our white alley.

An strikes!
Goramighty, did anyone ever see the likes?
An' them air Coxey gangs, 'at's trying to imertate
Us reglers! W'y hit's reely gittin' to be of late
'At all our routes is overworked. They aint no doubt
'At more tramps now, new an' old, is rovin' 'bout
Then the kentry ackshally needs. Hit's tol'ble tough,
An' somethin' oncommern must be did, fer 'nough's 'nough.
I caint see no help fer hit; hit's somethin I dislike,
But the times hez druv us to hit I guess we'll hev to strike!

OUR EVANGEL.

Don't you see it in the sunshine of the newer way of thought?
Don't you feel its nascent thrillings in the air?
This breaking from the feral of self-service overwrought—
This philanthropic throbbing everywhere?

Don't it flash in glints of glory from the mantle of the age—
Give thou unto thy fellow-man his due?
Is't not writ in flaming letters on the latest glowing page
Of the nineteenth volume, now so nearly through?

Can't you catch the social meaning of the realistic wave,
Which is washing out the morals of the time,
And sweeping plutocratic privilege down into its grave,
Along with all its appanage of crime?

Don't you hear the distant music of the better time ahead,
As it trembles through the moral atmosphere?
Can't you sniff the subtle fragrance, in healing hintings shed
From the bursting bud of glory, nearly here?

O, premillennial sweetness! O, epochal starlight!
O, dream of poet-saint half realized!
The riddle is untangling, and the slowly lift'ing night
Shall leave the yearning world re-paradised!

REJUVENATION.

It will be remembered by many of my readers what a stir it made, when Brown Sequard announced to the world that he had discovered a rejuvenator. Such is the force of authoritative enunciation, that a large number of intelligent people believed the discovery was actual and genuine. It instantly became to them a natural conclusion, that after the human machine had fulfilled its mission and was worn out, it could be reversed in its course and the fiat of God be nullified. It was accepted as corresponding with all the analogies of the universe and as being in perfect accord with science, experience and common sense. It is a rampant and devastating fact that most people will believe anything in the name of medicine, as many will, in the name of religion. The fact is, the present arrangement with reference to life is all right, and it will develop before I am through, that such a discovery as Brown Sequard thought he had made, would have been a terrible calamity to the world.

It sometimes happens that it is more a duty to violate, than to keep an oath. Such a duty now devolves upon me as a philosopher and public benefactor.

True as it is, that there is not now, and never will be an elixir of life, such as Sequard dreamed of, it is a fact that such a one existed once. But mark you, it was not discovered nor invented by mortal man. For your sake, dear reader, and for the enlightenment of countless millions of others who will read this, I shall now break the seal of a most sacred secret.

Many years ago I spent a winter in Florida. While there I became acquainted with a direct descendant of Ponce de Leon. We became quite intimate, so much so that we emptied our bosoms into each other without stint. I am sorry to say that Leon was a more or less bibulous gentleman. One day we went fishing together. I noticed that he had exceeded his tankage considerably, early as it was. I was not surprised therefore when he tumbled into a slough. I covered myself with mud, and glory, and Leonic gratitude by rescuing him. This at once sobered him, and raised his confidentialism to high-water mark.

After saturating me with thanks and praises, he took on a mysterious air, and leading me to a convenient log, asked me to sit down, at the same time seating himself. After gazing on the ground in deep absorption for a few moments, he looked up and said: "Doctor, I am about to impart to you a great secret.

You have earned this confidence by saving my life, a life that was justly forfeited thirty years ago. I enjoin upon you the most solemn, and sacred secrecy.

I readily promised to keep his secret, and he told me the following remarkable story: At the time of the Spanish invasion, there did exist in central Florida a rejuvenating spring. Ponce de Leon actually found it, but for good reasons made a close, inviolable family secret of it. He discovered it through the agency of an old Indian who, after conducting him to it, strongly urged him to drink its water regularly for a month, assuring him that it would restore him to vigorous youth. Fall-up-to-heaven (that was the old man's name) explained that the reason he himself had not drank of it, was that, by a law of his tribe, his children could not inherit his title and decorations unless he reached the age of ninety before dying. His next birth-day would dissipate the severe contingency, when he proposed to adopt this water as his regular tipple. He further explained that the miraculous quality of the water depended upon the august fact that the Great Spirit had dipped his finger in this spring.

Leon understood the Indian character well, so after profusely thanking Fall-up-to-heaven for his services, he very courteously and deftly slipped the eager blade of a stilletto between his ribs.

Leon had three very active enemies whom he managed to have thrown into prison, and he so contrived it that they got only this water to drink. The result was eminently satisfactory—these enemies ceased to

pester him. Vague and weird rumors floated about for a while, but more important matters soon replaced them. This secret was transmitted from generation to generation, always being kept in narrow and direct Leonic line till it was lodged in my friend, the last of the name. It is no matter how it came about, but my Spanish friend's name was Michael Leon.

Michael didn't take much stock in this story of his historic ancestor, but still it haunted him like a superstition will the best of us. He determined to test the water of this fountain of youth, merely to *prove* to himself that he didn't believe in it.

In his neighborhood lived a man who had careered into the senility of centennialism. In plain words he was a hundred years old, and like most old noodles wanted to be young again. My friend decided to gratify him; not so much in an accommodative spirit, as to satisfy an experimental passion. He took the old fellow in charge, and commenced giving him of this vital water. The effect was astounding. In a month the old gentleman was thrown back to fifty. Although now he began to take less of the water, his flight cradleward continued. Soon he was a young man again—a very young man—a dude, sporting a cane and honing for a mustache. From that pathetic period he was hurried into boyhood. Here nature halted a little, as if in revenge for the outrage being perpetrated upon her, and detained young Leon till he had suffered all of a boy's woes. He got licked for indulging his riparian instincts, got licked for stealing into the circus, got licked for "playing for keeps,"

got licked for filching green apples, and afterward had to howl with the gripes. His teacher printed railroad maps on his person with the birch, and he was not allowed to rob birds' nests. Then followed mumps, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, measles, teething, etc. He had to have all these backward. This so puzzled the doctors (God bless the doctors) that young Leon recovered in each instance. He was soon in the moist, rattle-box, paregoric period of existence. Back he kept going until he was only one little minute old. What might have now happened, if his mother had been living, is purely conjectural. But nature is full of resources, and was equal to the emergency. She kept minifying Leon till finally they had to use a microscope to see him. There is no use of tracing him further. He was obliterated from the universe, as an intelligent entity, and was resolved into empty, void and vacuous nothingness.

After completing the story, Michael drew a deep sigh, and then proceeded to explain that it was remorse for this deed that had driven him to drink. He felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He had balked Fate, jugulated Destiny, defied God and extinguished a human soul.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a knitting, sir, she said.
I'd like to kiss you, my pretty maid;
"O, *nit;* O, *nit,* kind sir," she said.

THE MOON.

"The mild-mannered moon"—Ah! what is't I wonder?
It's just as respectable 'nd old as the earth?
Was it born when young planets split widely asunder,
In travail attending a satellite's birth?

Did it slip by fortuity into existence,
When *In-the-Beginning* had hardly begun?
Or was it thrown off by adjustive persistence
From what settled into an ebulant sun?

Did it leap in its glory from out of the feral
Of chaos, in blackness of vacuous night,
And join in the triumphant song of the spheral
Reflectors of God's own ineffable light?

Or was it just simply, directly created,
As told by the patriarchs ancient, who trod
The earth, when these mysteries were freshly related
To them, and the awful omnipotent God?

Has it always been dead? Have its grand, rugged features
Ne'er smiled 'neath the warm, coaxing light of the sun?
Did never intelligent, reverent creatures
Live and move there since old Nature begun?

Aye, hearts have throbbed love in that worldlet-supernal,
And eyes have shed tears, and ambitions have burned,
Else the fitness of things, by the law that's eternal,
Is violate, and all of analogy spurned.

How far, through the netherward reaches abysmal
Of time, must query be hopefully hurled,
To strike a response in the shock cataclysmal
That wrecked a once living and beautiful world?

The secret is deep in oblivion, and never
Shall light of it break on our curious souls,
Till God shall have given us all of forever
To study the things which his wisdom controls.

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

O, I'm a tin soldier sir, and don't you forget,
And I'm gaudy in my bright regimentals all the time;
I'm always on review, sir, and I'm the dainty pet
Of every little urchin, sir, in every Christian clime.

The small boy, he's my captain, sir, and very captain, too,
For he is peremptory, sir, and boss as he can be—
He's moody and he's crotchety; he's false and he is true,
But through it all he sticketh to, and never shaketh me.

I "eyes right;" I "eyes left;" I mark time; I march;
I double quick like blazes, sir, when he is in a pet—
No odds how rough he uses me, I'm still as stiff as starch,
For I'm his little soldier, sir— his tin-y martinet.

You humans think that just because we're little, and we're tin,
We do but little thinking, and we have no views at all,
But if you'd heard us howl about our wrongs, you'd thought we'd been
Consorting with ward bummers and were full of beer and gall.

But since the great convention that we held within a dream,
Which o'ershadow'd a great statesman, some several years ago,
We've had no need of kicking, sir, and truly it does seem
We're the happiest little soldiers in the wide world, don't you know.

We knew then that the "import" taunt, that oft had made us blush
With shame and indignation, sir, would slip into the past,
For well we knew McKinley'd put an everlasting hush
Upon *that* thing, and we would be *Americans*, at last.

EPISODE IN A HOMELY MAN'S LIFE.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
An' some great lies hae ne'er been penned,
* * * * * * * *
But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the deil's in h——l
Or [Cripple Creek]. *Burns.*

An old friend of mine who is a famous dialect poet and lecturer, once said to me: "Doc, I am glad I am homely."

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Because," said he, "there is more opportunity for positive expression in an ugly face than in a pretty one. A dead level of unrelieved beauty is fascinatingly monotonous, giving the ongazer's æsthetic sense no hump to bump against. It wearies because it surfeits."

I agreed to this with nervous promptitude; because, I suppose, I am, myself, such a desecration of God's image. For the moment, that dubious sentiment which constrained the fox to champion taillessness, overrode my real feelings, and I forgot how I abhor my own physical hatefulness. So I said assistively:

"It must be infinitely tiresome and unsatisfactory for one to know that his or her personal appearance compasses the ultimate in physical beauty. And then, a faultless face cannot possibly give us a fair shake in the formation of a judgment as to the possessor's character. This is so because, say what

you will, beauty of person is an effective special pleader. Nineteen out of twenty perfectly beautiful faces must lie, for the spirits of their owners do not fit them. It is true," said I with soothing satisfaction, "your face and mine are lies, for our souls at their worst can't be as uninviting as our faces at their best. This kind of a lie, you will notice," I continued with extreme self-felicitation, "has the quality of being more righteous than the truth. I suspect if every human being were turned inside out, the moral and physical balance of the world would suffer little disturbance."

To all this he assented unctuously.

This conversation took place years ago, when, impossible as it may seem, I must have been years-ago less homely than I am now. Since that time I have been reminded thousands of times of my physical illfavor by multiform, but always barbed circumstances, or exigencies. These would bring out the badinage of friends; the honest expressions of innocent childhood; the shrinking shyness of the ladies; social slights, etc. But the climacteric episode of my life—dependent upon my homeliness—I experienced only a few days ago. I have barely recovered sufficiently to relate it.

It was in the evening, and I was trying to figure out the toxic difference between ptomaines and the detritus of retrograde metamorphosis (for I am bound to keep in the front of my profession) when the door was opened and—*it* came in. I am conscientious, if I am ugly, and that is why I say *it*. For the sake of

intelligibility, I suppose I shall have to say that the "it" was, and, for that matter still is, a woman. It is sufficient to say she is precisely as much more homely than I, as it is possible for the ugliest woman in the world to be homelier than the ugliest man in the world. Ladies will please take no offense, for I gladly concede the ultimate beauty possibility of a man cannot, on tip-toe, reach up to the three-tenths mark of woman's final possibility in this respect.

I confess I was startled, and I—that is, I acknowledge she too was startled. It was a mutual, and reciprocal startle. If her face hadn't been so warped and leathery, and her chin so minutely small and so receding, and her hair had been distinguishable from excelsior, and her ears had been mates, and her eyes had been a different shade of colorlessness, and her nose had not been so red and ultrapug, and her mouth had been no worse than that of a catfish, and her pimples had been a few fewer, and her freckles had been fresher, and her moles had been better distributed, she would have been from one-half to one per cent. less hideous.

For a few minutes we gazed at each other in accusing disgust, then I spoke. I said in tones strangely unbland: "Madame, can I do anything for you?"

In a voice you could file a saw with, and in the stabbingest staccato, she answered: "You can—you can sit down and look at me."

I did sit down and look at her—I couldn't help it. I was reversely charmed.

It is a clammy fact that when she put on her goggles, her appearance was improved. Having adjusted them with spinsteristic precisiveness, she produced a scratchbook and pencil, and began to do me in word-sketchery. Each gogglear glance was a flash from hades, and each pencil stroke was a slash into my immortal soul. The twistings of her mouth, synchronously with her pencil movements, sent frozen thrills up my spine. As if my woes were not enough, she put away her note-book and pencil, and before I could guess what she was about, drew from her valise a loaded kodak!

I began to squirm, but a look, and a shake of her long bony finger quieted me—it would have quieted a cyclone. It was nothing to her that I would have a thousand times rather had her substitute a shot gun—she took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger!

After caring tenderly for her instrument, she explained in the most business-like way that she was in the secret service of Rudyard Kipling who, she said was getting up a new illustrated novel. The particular characters are to be the handsomest man, and most beautiful woman, and the homeliest man and ugliest woman in the world.

They had had little trouble in finding the beauties, for pictures of such are plentiful, and they themselves, don't study to keep out of sight. She had been out six months hunting for the homliest man, but thanked fortune she had found him. The novelist would be delighted. With her notes as to my complexion, color of eyes, facial squints, etc., backed

by the photo, he could challenge the world to produce an equal in human homeliness. She still had a task before her (this, graciously), and that was *to find the ugliest woman!*

With a metallic smile, and brittle little nod, she abrubtly vanished, just as I dropped from my chair.

FRENETIC FANGLES.

They're wove from the wimples of Hell's wreaking wrangles
That twist themselves through the unseen and the seen;
From twittings and tweakings of termagant tangles
Of tangible tantrums beslavered between;
From devastant dinks neologic that dangle
Adown mordant mystery's perilous plane;
From fimbriate, fluttering figments that sprangle
In flames from a redolent, riotous brain;
From jejune jereeds, with their jumble and jangle
Of fancy and fact and flamboyant pretense;
From thought threshed to threads against each angry angle
Of square, solvent sanity's straight common sense;
From saturnine starbeams that spatter and spangle
The morbid mind's misty and flecked firmament;
From insane aspirings that stifle and strangle
Each scintillant, soaring and swelling intent;
From sulphurous soul-taints that murder and mangle
Ideal imag'nings and imminent flights;—
They're *fake frenzy,* run into belles-lettres bangle,
To ruin and ravage your nerves and your nights.
As if the vain vapor of all this bawd brangle
Were not all we need of the nebulous funk,
The poster pervades the full frenetic fangle,
Blue-blazing its dev'lish and damnable drunk!

THE POPPY'S SPELL.

There is a little chary, charming maiden fairy,
And she dwelleth 'mongst the roses in a far-off hidden isle;
And the secrets of love's hist'ry, with its pains and joys and myst'ry.
Are tangled in the tissue of her sweet, seraphic smile.

This mystic, marvel maiden, from her far-off floral Aiden,
Cometh to me in my visions as I float through starry skies,
And I breathe the subtle essence of the fragrance of her presence,
As I bathe me in the glory of her drinking, dreamful eyes.

In music-haunted vistas our shifting place of tryst is,
Where splintered star-light melts into the moon's quiescent ray;
Where rainbow paths concentre toward the starry arch, where enter
The redeemed into the glory of their everlasting day.

'T is there I ever meet her, and she groweth ever sweeter,
Like music floating to me from the mem'ry-haunted past;
And I hang upon her kisses, through seried thrills of blisses,
Till I pray for it to last, as eternity shall last!

AS TO WALKING.

I saw her first at the Masons' ball,
Awhirl in the wild romance
Of Zikoff's maddest waltz of all—
Fit for the gods to dance—
And there, in the glory of golden light
And flashing gems, to me
She seemed an angel, and that night
I walked in reverie.

I saw her next in a picnic grove—
The sparkling central light
Of a throng of girls and beaux, in love
With her voice and her beauty bright,
And a gentle friend presented me
To my little charmer there,
Whose smile, as she bowed in courtesy,
Just made me "walk on air."

And next at her lovely home I met
This sweetest girl of all—
This rightful, this unquestioned pet
At home or banquet hall,
And at "good-night," somewhat there seemed
To be in her tender tones,
That hinted possibly of love; I dreamed
That night I "walked on thrones!"

Again, and oft, I called on her,
Drawn by a spell divine,
Till my dear, delightful vanquisher
Had promised to be mine,
And *then* on rainbows, and the rims
Of clouds in sunset gold,
Soothed by silent sweet love-hymns,
In ecstasy I strolled.

We're married now, and wildering flights
Of first-stage love are o'er--
No more of stolen-kiss delights,
Of half doubt thrills no more.
My love was strong--no flaws nor sulk
Weakened its grip profound,
But *now* it weighs more bulk for bulk,
And I walk upon the ground.

BILL WARNICK.

Bill Warnick wuz a hackman, which
He'd worked up to the box,
Frum a liv'ry stable rouster, in
The firm of Brown and Cox;
And he could snatch the ribbins with
A scientific air,
That made the other hackmen sick
With envy and despair.

You'd think he driv too rickless, jes'
To see him whirlin' th'ough
The thickest of the city, and
The outside sooburbs, too;
But he never hed no c'lission, ner
No other accident,
Fer he wuz allus on the watch,
Whuchever way he went.

He wuz up in his perfession– he
Could buzz a passenger
Successful half a square, right th'ough
The winder of a keer;
'N he know'd the human way so well,
He never missed a fit
When't come to makin' charges, an'
Securin' his perkisit.

When "the boys" would want a hack, fer
To hell a night away,
Bill Warnick allus got the job
With double extry pay,
Fer they know'd he wuz a safe 'un, an'
He'd shet his jaws and swing,
Before he'd sile their characters
By givin' up a thing.

Bill wuz the boss at funerals!
His hosses' stiddy gait
Jes' couldn't be discounted by
No hearse team in the State,
An' I hev railly seed him, when
"The friends" wuz standin' by,
Reach fer his hankercher, an' mop
The briny frum his eye.

I've know'd Bill frum a kid, and ust
To make no bones to say
To anyone, "I'll bet the drinks
He'll strike it big some day."
An' hit hez turned out that-a-way
Jes' ez I allus said—
Bill Warnick's got a stone front now,
'N he swings a lofty head.

An' how it happened is jes this:
He got a soft posish
Ez coachman fer a millionaire,
'N he hooked a daisy fish,
Fer he up an' morried the gov'ner's gal—
The old man's only heir—
An' nen the ole man croaked, an' Bill,
He got the lion's share.

They wuz a little boy 'at would'nt say his prayers,
An' 'at there little boy he got et up by the bears.
An' they wuz a little girl 'at never would say hern—
The bears, they et her up too, when it come her turn!

VERNAL MUSE-INGS.

The green grass is a greening, and
A spreading everywhere,
And the blue-birds are careening, as
They twitter through the air.

The brooklet is a brooking the
Intrusion of the sedge,
And the baby willows crooking toward
Its opalescent edge.

The crocus is a croaking in
A very cheery mood,
While the violets are soaking up
The spirit of the wood.

Sweet-william is a willing with
His total little might,
That the dews will keep distilling ev'ry
Minute of the night;

While the bees keep on a being, and
A buzzing 'mong the flowers
As the fleeting moments, fleeing, stack
Themselves up into hours.

The butterfly 's a-flying in
A zigzag of delight,
And the bumblebee is trying to
Outclass her all his might;

While the red-bud is a budding with
A treeish sort of glee,
And the cat-bird is a flooding all
The scene with melody.

Oh, Spring is here a springing into
Sweeter moods each day,
And all the time she 's flinging newer
Charms along our way.

LETTER FROM A "SUBJECT."

My Dear Doctor Cooper:—

I have lived these years lost in a halo of mystery. Mystery, not to me, but to all others save the redeeming remnant who are locked up in "insane" asylums. It came about this way: In common with the rest of humanity, I was born insane, but, unlike the great majority, I bloomed into sanity at the age of thirty-five, and was promptly locked up by my friends. The signal of my emergence from mental darkness into intellectual lucidity was the induction of a frog into the logical basis of my being. He now sits glowing in an emerald nimbus, squarely on that insular marvel, the island of Riel. A friend of mine here has a chick within his cranium, which is ever pecking to get out. If it should succeed, he would instantly be plunged into insanity. Another associate of mine has a nugget of gold lodged between two of his frontal convolutions. The peculiar location of this gold, in relation with the principle of intrinsic concentricity, makes him the wealthiest man in the world. Still another associate of mine, through the crystalization of religious impulse in the pituitary body, has actually become Christ! So you see I am in most distinguished company.

Ah, I seem to have wandered from the central and governing fact as affecting myself. This is a peculiarity of the absolutely sane. On such there is a divine pressure, which, in its orgasmic tensiveness and vast comprehensiveness, contemns conventional

congruity. The frog—celestial batrachian! He is a cerebral codicil, which makes the impossible possible. He is a psychic addendum, warm from the caress of Deific conception. Owing to his presence, prescience is a commonplace with me. All that is recondite pays itself out to my consciousness in a series of vivid and implacable certitudes. To me the occult is a daring self-contradiction, for nothing can escape the penetrative eternity of my acumen. Ha! I fillip to Hades the miserable crutches upon which the insane must hobble to reach even the foot of the shining ladder, whose *top* round is far beneath my feet! My judgments are therefore infallible, and all my conclusions, of course, irreversible. You will say there is a tinge of the egotistic about this. You are of the insane mass; let a lunatic, so called, read it and he will pronounce differently.

My dear doctor, I sincerely and profoundly pity you and all your kind. Lost to you are all the superlatively awful and supernally beautiful utterances of the truly sane. Ah, ravishing frog—sweet centerstance from which is evolved all circumstance—to thee I owe a clairvoyance which compasses, in its infinite totality, the universe! Yes doctor, I pity you. Better is incurious ignorance than tethered ambition.

Now, the fact is, Maeterlinck is one of the clearest and most intelligible writers in the world. To you and your compeers, his phrasings are a melange of anfractuose and adumbrous vacuities. You don't understand Ibsen and Zola. Much of the *fin de*

sicele literature found in the Brownie Magazines is unintelligible to you. Its frenetic light-bursts, transcategorematic ascents, and iridal outflights daze and stun you. You don't even know whether Walt Whitman is a poet, or not. In music, Wagner is a gnawing conundrum to you. Those plangent conclammations, ganglionic contrapuntalisms, and wondrous assonant perspectives are all lost on you. Oh, batrachianic jewel—what would life be without thee! But I must close.

Yours compassionately,

I. N. Sanity.

A SIMPLE TALE AND TRUE.

I knew a maiden once, a most intense
Peculiar girl. If others, like to her,
Have graced the earth, it ne'er hath been
Permitted me to see them, or to know
Of them. A beauty more supernal in
Its cast than ever glorified the dream
Of painter or of poet—that was hers,
And hers the warm eternal graces that
Bestar the sinless soul. Back through a mist
Of spent and dreary years, I see her still—
Love's own eidolon, draped in a myst'ry of
Beatitude.

My junior by a year
Of time, she was my senior by a score
Of years in wisdom; for, instinct to her
Were all the various costly lessons of
Experience. Unconsciously she was
My mentor, and a beacon whose sweet light
E'er guided safely my uncertain feet.
And I loved her with all the burning zeal

Of youth, and marv'lously enough, 'tis true
That she loved me.
And she fell ill - a mere
Attack of simple fever 'twas, as I
Know now. Her anxious mother summoned then
Old Doctor Henderson, a good old man,
But thralled by book authority, and held
In line legitimate by rig'rous old
Traditions, and by ancient ethic force.
I stood near by when he was come, and saw
Him auscultate, percuss, look at the tongue,
And feel the pulse, and I remember now
The old man's corrugated brow, and how
His Greekish utterances stunned me, and
Struck awe into my soul.
I wondered, in
My innocence, what science would require
In such a case, and even felt (but I
Was just a boy) 'twere a profanity
To force coarse drugs between those cherry lips,
And vesicate that chaste and tender breast.
How bold it was of me to question thus
The wisdom of harsh means—to doubt it so,
Because it seemed to me unnatural
That truth; that scientific *truth* could shock
The soul repellently. However, I
Was but a boy, a mere unreasoning boy,
And such a boy in love, at that.
The old
Bent doctor fumbled in his case and brought
Forth various sick'ning-odored packages,
And funny little vials. Producing then
A villainous looking little instrument,
Keen-edged and glistening, he started from
My sweetheart's round white arm a crimson jet,
And let it speed till nearing syncope
Warned him to stop the flow. He then spread o'er
Her snowy breast a cruel plaster of
Cantharides, issued powders, and pills,
Then whisp'ring solemn admonitions to

The anxious mother, went his way. Next day
He came to find his patient worse, and so
He doubled doses, drew more blood and placed
A rigid interdict upon the use
Of water, whether for drink or bath. And so
He came and went, and every time he came,
He shook his head more om'nously, and then
Increased the dose, the better to *coerce*
Th' refract'ry malady.
Ah, then came days
That burned their dates into my soul—days full
Of torture, frightful as a dream of hell
For her, the gentle victim there; replete
With blasted hope, and anguish measureless
For that fond mother, and a shuddering awe
And nameless woe for me.
The thrilling little pulse
I'd often felt in play became a hard
And corded flutter, and the skin which erst
Outvied the lily in its whiteness and
Was soft as air, took on a pallor and
A harshness strange to me; the cheeks which I
Had likened, in my boyish dalliance, to
Wild roses dipped in sunrise, burned now with
A hectic flame; the lips so dewy and
So "crimson threaded" and so kissy far
Beyond resistance once, were charred and cracked
And bleeding, and the eyes within whose clear
And trancing depths my soul had lost itself
A thousand times, glowed now with luster, caught
From mania, and "water! water! *please*,
Some water!" was the steadily weak'ning cry
That ever came from those poor scorching lips.
The trembling little arms imploringly
Were raised a hundred times a day, and we
Were all besought so pleadingly to give
Her water! ever water! Oh, it seemed
The whole sweet being of our dying pet
Was merged into a pitiful appeal
For water—"just enough to wet my lips!"

Impulsively sometimes, the mother 'd snatch
A cup to give her child a drink, and my
Weak heart (unscientific heart) would beat
Applause, when suddenly a keen-edged, and
A cruel recollection would restrain
Her eager arm – the doctor 'd said with deep
And urgent emphasis: "Water she must
Not have—'twill kill the child."

* * * * * * * *

Upon a couch
White as the driven snow, there lay the last
Sweet semblance of a being that had been
All, but divine. The lines of anguish wrought
Upon her open brow by pangs of thirst,
Had all evanished in the chill of death,
And now only the pure and placid charm
That innocence had painted there remained.
On bended knees, with head bowed low upon
Her idol's form, the mother wept. And it
Did seem that her poor broken heart would bleed
Itself away in tears. And I sat like
A stony statue there, glaring in dazed
And helpless shock out into vacancy.

A cursed superstitious heresy
That would not down, (remember I was but
A boy) kept forcing up unorthodox
Suggestions, prompting me, despite myself,
To doubt the soundness of a doctrine which
Enjoined depletion, fed the fire of thirst,
But with relentless fiendishness, refused
To heed the urgent cry for drink.

Softly
The doctor entered, and slow walked to where
The white form lay. He gazed a while upon
The wreck of youth and beauty there, and then
Low bending o'er the wailing mother said:
"The Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken away."

FO'TH-JULY.

BY JOHNNY.

Fo'th-July—'at's the time 't suits me;
Tell you why:
Cause you don't do nary thing but play,
An' kin holler ez loud ez you want all day—
Dast to shoot pist'ls, 'n 'e cops leaves you be,
On Fo'th-July.

An' shootin' crackers! Geminee, what fun,
When a girl's closte by
'N you th'ow one down right by her heels,
An' watch when it busts—dog-gone, but she squeals,
An' don't we holler, when she tries to run
Frum Fo'th-July!

Git burnt purty bad sometimes, 'n if one
Busts closte 'tyer eye,
Mebbe 't'll scorch yer eye-winkers off,
By they'll grow back agin, like-'nough—
Got to git ust to 'at kind o' fun
On Fo'th-July.

Pap's go' to git a toy pist'l fer me,
An' go' to buy
Most shootin' crackers, an' fire-works, too,
An' arniky, an' stick-plaster, 'nough to do;
"Nen we'll be good an' ready," says he,
"Fer Fo'th-July.

Like Chrismus purty well—hang up yer socks,
Nen bime-by
Santy Claus puts in whole lots o' toy things—
'At's all right, but they ain't no time brings
Sich fun fer boys—fun 'at thes *knocks*,
Like Fo'th-July.

A RETICENT REFORMER.

Not long ago a very singular character quitted forever cys-Stygian scenes. His real name was James Emmons, though he was known here by the significant cognomen of Reticent Lonesome, which the riff-raff contracted into "Ret. Lone."

He was a man of splendid physique, and his bearing combined princeliness with true humility. He must have been very handsome when young, for in his old age the attractiveness of his face, with its steel gray eyes and habitual smile, was remarkable. He lived entirely alone on the main street in the busiest part of our little city. Notwithstanding this, no one except himself knew anything about the internal arrangements of his home. He dressed with scrupulous care and in the very latest styles. He had no known employment, but seemed to have no end of means. He took great loads of periodicals and was an omnivorous reader. He was never known to post or receive a letter. He was a hermit in the heart of a city, if you will pardon the paradox. There was an invisible Chinese wall about him—a thus-far-and-no-farther nimbus that held the world away from him. Very proud was the man who, by favoring stress of some social exigency, was permitted to exchange a few frugal sentences with him. Thus he moved amongst us for years, a silent exponent of latent strength, a living sermon from an uninterpretable text.

One day, to my infinite surprise and bewilderment,

he entered my office. With a courtly bow, he seated himself and said: "You are a physician. I am somewhat ailing. In my case you will have to rely wholly upon objective symptoms for guidance." With this he relapsed into a silence that I could almost hear, it was so pronounced and self-assertive. I knew that his conversation was ended.

I saw in his oral commissures and conjunctiva the advanced signals of icterus. I knew that that would wait a little, and anyhow none but the most urgent symptoms would have deterred me from giving him first a draught of my Broch-convoludetergent, or tongue-loosener, a compound I had evolved after much mental travail and experiment, with the determination of breaking Mr. Emmons' shell of reticence at the first opportunity that offered. If "in silence there is wisdom," I had reflected, "there must be in Ret. Lone's system a mine of knowledgeous and maximic wealth that is simply bonanzic." Here was my opportunity and I didn't propose to neglect it.

So I said: "Mr. Emmons, your symptoms are so marked that I can not mistake your condition, I know exactly what you need." I then prepared him a dose of my soul unlocker and handing it to him, said: "Swallow this, please, as a preparative for the medicine I shall give you to take along." He did so, and I began busying myself in the preparation of a jaundice mixture. I did not hurry for I wanted to give my medicine time to manifest itself. I had not long to wait, for suddenly Mr. Emmons said: "Doctor, will you please lock your door?"

"Certainly," said I, "but why do you want me to do so?"

"Because," said he, "I feel a sudden inspiration to talk; it is marvelous; I can't understand it, but I must talk or I shall die. If I had a hundred tongues I could work them all to the limit of their capacity. I want the door closed so that I may not be interrupted by incomers."

Then followed a conversation that lasted an hour, he doing nearly all of the talking. His father had been a millionaire, had educated him at the best schools and had given him a fortune at the completion of his collegiate course. He was polemic in his bent, and had a strong taste for political economy. Took the required course in law school and was admitted to the bar. After this, made a pleasure tour of the South. There he made the acquaintance of a most beautiful, amiable and cultured young lady, the daughter of an ex-slaveholder who was now comparatively poor. Acquaintance with the young lady grew into love, which was fully reciprocated. He was at this time thirty-two years old and it was now three years after the war. They were married, and for one month realized their wildest, sweetest dreams of human happiness. An election occurred. The father of his bride was in sympathy with the political organization that had contributed most largely to the restitution of the union. As it happened, a number of his former slaves accompanied him to the polling place. It was inferred that they intended to attempt to vote. A row broke out just as they reached the voting place, and several shots were

fired. Three were killed and a dozen wounded. Only one white man received a shot, Mr. Emmons' father-in-law. It killed him instantly. Upon receipt of the news, his daughter, Emmons' wife, fainted a number of times, lapsed into brain fever and died. Thus was he almost instantaneously plunged from the lovelit heights of sweet dreamery down into the black depths of hopelessness and woe. It nearly made a misanthrope of him. He was wretched and restless. Resolved to travel. Did so, visiting almost every part of the globe. Found a species of pleasure in the study of different forms of government, and the analysis of political parties. Sojourned a considerable time in Australia where he studied their politics, and particularly their mode of voting. As time went on, retired more and more within himself, until finally it had become positively painful for him to hold any kind of intercourse with his fellowmen. Had written a brief sketch, in which he gives his conclusions as to the best form of government and the best mode of voting, etc.

At this juncture I noticed a slight facial spasm, accompanied with a look of wonderment and self-contempt, and he abruptly rose to depart.

I attempted to renew our conversation, but he waved me off with imperious gentleness and a self-contained smile, and taking his hat and cane precipitately departed. One month after this I was summoned in haste to his bedside. He had ruptured a blood vessel and was dying. He would not or could not talk, but succeeded in making me understand that he wanted something from his bureau drawer.

It turned out to be the "sketch" he had referred to, and I was made to understand that he wished me to have it published in some noble work that would be read of all the world. I have carried out his wishes. The following is the sketch:

THE VOTING SCHEME.

Although I do not pretend to understand more than the rudiments of statesmanship, I beg to submit some conclusions bearing upon the fundamentals of politics which I venture to hope may at least amuse political dabblers. I do not claim originality, for "there is nothing new under the sun." Still I do not remember to have ever read or heard a discussion of the subject as it has presented itself to me. But if it has been discussed publicly it was probably in a less refined age, when it struck men as a Utopian dream, without a single practical phase. I am persuaded that the model government of the world, our own, is on the verge of that sub-millennial epoch, of which the adoption of my plan or a similar one must constitute the master feature. I have traveled much and observed political conditions and effects closely, with the result of concluding, as a cosmopolitan, not merely as an American, that our system of government is the best in the world. It is more closely in touch with the beneficent trend upon which the integrity and harmonious procession of the universe depends, than any other form of government on earth. This fact is secretly recognized by the most sagacious statesmen of even the most despotic governments. It would be worth as much as their heads to advocate it, but it is a leaven which is doing an effective, if quiet work.

All our political machinery needs, to be about perfect, is the adoption of a plan that will infallibly secure a full vote and fair count. That, I take it, is nearly axiomatic. We have, in many States, thanks considerably to the Knights of Labor organization, taken a great advance step in the right direction, by the adoption of the Australian secret voting method. It is only one more step from that to the method I have in mind, and that step is no longer than was the one from the old to the present secret mode. This is my plan: Abolish polling places altogether and substitute home voting. A moment's reflection will convince any sensible man that four-fifths of the degrading and dangerous

features of our political methods depend upon the practices incident to voting places and election days. The plan I suggest would obviate all that. It would kill off intimidation at the polls with all its murderous and depraving results. It would put an end to buying and selling votes, with its ruinous moral effects. It would prevent importing, repeating, tissue-balloting and ballot-box stuffing. It would do away with the necessity for any man to lose a minute from his business or employment in order to vote. It would stop the extra amount of drunkenness and quarreling pertaining to election places and days. It would secure the fullest vote possible and an absolutely fair count. It would make our elections pure, fair, quiet.

I can only suggest generals; political experts could easily arrange particulars. Every voter should be required to register, whether in a city or hamlet. The registry officer, elected or appointed, should procure tickets, say thirty days before counting day. Voters could get their tickets at time of registering, or subsequently. Each registered man should be allowed but one ticket, for which he should sign a prepared receipt. A proper envelope would be furnished with the ballot, upon which the voter should write his name and address before leaving the registry office. He could prepare his ticket in the quiet of his own home, away from street influences and collar-pulling bums. A corps of ballot gatherers would collect and deliver tickets to the election judges, who would announce the name of voter, as now, remove ballot from envelope and drop it in ballot-box, as now. Any person at residence of voter should be competent to hand the enveloped ballot to gatherer.

This is an outline of the scheme that only lately completed its maturity in my mind. The ingenious can find many small objections to it, but with all that, I am sure it will commend itself to the candid and reflective, as feasible and to the last degree effective. God hasten the day, when some such improvement upon present methods shall become an accomplished fact.

JAMES EMMONS.

There you have Mr. Emmons' idea just as he explains it himself. I am not capable of passing upon its merits, but I know many of my readers are. I confess it is rather new to me, but that has no significance, for many older political ideas would be new to me.

TO BASSETT.

O, Bassett! do you mind it yet—
Remains there still a semblance,
Or vision of my old sweet dream
Locked up in your remembrance?
Can you see me as then you saw—
A stripling full of fancy,
Careering through the dear delights
Of Love's sweet necromancy?

And can you see my Mary yet,
Back through our tangled his'try,
With eyes that shamed the tender skies,
And hair, a golden mys'try—
With throat as fair as lilies are,
And cheeks like sunset tinted,
And lips in which the ultimate
Of all that 's sweet was hinted?

With form that was a sculptor's dream,
Transformed into the real,
And grace that realized the all
Of grace in the ideal;
With mind that soared to mystic heights,
Or flashed in sallies witty,
And heart that compassed all the world
In schemes of love and pity?

And can you realize, just now,
Through reminiscent glances,
The sympathy you gave me when
I swung through love's romances?
How, like a courier of love,
You waited on my pleasure,
And carried missives back and forth
For me, and for my Treasure?

And, when at last God's angel came,
And wooed away my fairy,
And only left the fragrance of
The memory of my Mary,
Can you remember how your love,
Forgetting and forsaking
All else, fell o'er me like a prayer,
And soothed my heart, while breaking?

Dear playmate of the dim, sweet past,
And friend through life's mutations,
We're nearing now the brink that breaks
Man's temporal relations;
Oh, shall it be we'll meet again
In some far realm of glory,
Where doubts will clear, at last, and we
Shall understand Life's story?

TO LAURIE.

"An' winna let a body be."

There is a lass I lo'e, Laurie,
An' muckle like thysel' is she;
Her image in my heart is shrined;
I canna keep it frae my mind—
It winna let a body be.

A seraph's form is hers, Laurie,
An' dearer than the warl' to me;
Where e'er I gang, it haunts me still
Like some sweet dream—an' aye it will,
For 't winna let a body be.

Ah, her cerulean een, Laurie,
Reflect, wi' sweet fidelity,
The motions of her spotless soul
Without the let of her control—
They winna let a body be.

But oh, sic hair as hers, Laurie,
We maun expect, perhaps, to see
Float 'neath an angel's diadem,
Outvying ilka precious gem—
It winna let a body be.

Her cheeks—her glowing cheeks, Laurie—
Are tinted, as in Italy
The radiant West is, when at eve,
The sun has kissed her, ere his leave:
They winna let a body be.

Her cherub mou', alas! Laurie,
What words shall paint the witcherie
That charms us a' sae muckle, while
It wreaths like light into a smile—
Oh! 't winna let a body be.

An angel's glowing pen, Laurie,
Dipped into tears of ecstasy,
Might dwell in rapture on the bliss
Her dewy lips yield in a kiss!
Those lips that winna let me be.

She is, indeed, to me, Laurie,
An incarnate divinity,
An' though presumptuously I err,
My constant heart e'er throbs for her
That winna let a body be.

Perhaps you'd like to see, Laurie,
The cause of my sweet agony;
If so, some time just as you pass
The mirror, please look in the glass—
It winna ava lie to thee.

They wuz a little boy an' he would n't go to school,
An' 'at there little boy, he grow'd up to be a fool;
An' he had a little sister, and she would n't go, nuther,
An' she grow'd up to be a fool badder 'an her brother!

THE SPRING.

They's one p'ticler season, 'at
  Teetot'ly suits me best,
In ever whichaway they is,
  'An any of the rest;
An' 'at's the mornin' of the yur
  When ever blessed thing
You see hez got a smile on hit—
  I mean the bloomin' Spring.

Ole Naicher then, jes' seems to sorto
  Wake up, don't you know,
An' kick the kiver off'n her—
  Her counterpane of snow—
An' wash her face in Aprile showers,
  Which never fails to bring
The beautifullest roses out,
  Onto the cheeks of Spring.

An' nen she dresses in a frock
  Of sech a shade of green,
As suits to her complexion, jes'
  The purtiest ever seen;
An' on her boozum, an' her brow,
  Wherever they will cling,
She fastens jewels, which the same,
  Is wild flowers of the Spring.

An' nen she primps before the skies,
  Ontel she's satisfied,
Nen goes to flirtin' with ole Sol,
  Who ain't so occapied,
But what he shines still brighter, ef
  They could be sech a thing,
An' folds her in his arms, he does,
  An' kisses blushin' Spring!

An' nen the two gits morried, an'
The wildwood 'gins to ring
With the music of the breezes, an'
The birds, 'at sweetly sing,
An' everthing is lovely, yes,
Jes' ever, everthing,
'Cause we're baskin' in the glory of
The fresh an' bammy Spring!

TIMES OF YUR.

Speakin' 'bout the seasons of the yur, I want to say,
'At 'taint so easy jes' to name the one you like the best,
Fer tother beats the other one, in its p'ticler way,
Ant's mighty puzzlin' to conclude which one suits you the best.

Now, ther's the Spring; it's nice with all its buds an' birds, an' flowers,
An' bees an' butterflies, an' breezy woods an' everthing;
You purt-nigh think in rhymes, you do, through all its sunny hours—
In fac' they hez ben poets, 'at writ verses 'bout the Spring.

An' Summer—'course it's hot ez blazes jes' when they's most to do;
So hot you wusht a iceberg'd bust, and kivver you a half mile deep;
But peas, airly taters, roast'n-yurs, tumattuses, an' fresh mushmillions too,
They he'p to riconcile us to the sultriness a heap.

The Fall's the favoritest time with some, an' I confess
It's tol'ble hard to beat, with all its purty flamin' leaves
An' purple an' yeller flowers, an' dreamy, hazy distances,
An' blood-red sun-rise, an' sun-set, an' quiet, moonlit eves;

But Winter—a feller'd jedge, jes' on the jump, it hedn't no charms;
But spellin' schools, an' candy pullins—two lasses to one lad—
An' sleigh-rides with yer sweet-heart closely snuggled in yer arms—
I guess you'll hev to admit, ole Winter aint so tore-down bad.

'T was in the Winter-time I met Samanthy, fer the fust,
An' we conwerged into a focus—me 'n 'at gyrl, on sight,
So *naicherly*, I think the Winter beats the others wust,
An' Smanthy 'n me'll git morried sure, 'f we're livin' nex' Christmas night.

"JIMSY."

James Nolan—"Jimsy," as we called him—was a rarely peculiar man. I say was, because now he is dead. In his death he illustrated the danger of ultraidiosyncrasy, conjoined with supersensibility. His moral nature was markedly dual, one element deriving its nutrition from unqualified adoration of the gentler sex, and the other from an intense sense of the ludicrous.

Early in his life, it became a theory of his that women have no true wit sense. They laugh as heartily, and frequently as men do, but it is at edgeless, weak utterances and happenings, such as would not be noticed by a normal man. Monster, as Jimsy was in this respect, womankind never had a truer worshiper, and champion that he was, even while he still held to these foolish notions. I have seen him redden with indignation when some friend would

speak lightly of woman's wit-lack. It was not a thing to be joked about—it was something to be mourned over.

Jimsy was an effective humorist himself. So keen was his sense of the ludicrous, that he could bring into manifest existence, the potential puns of a liturgy. Imagine then how it galled him to see a brilliant sally fall flat on a dull ear!

Bachelor-like, he was a student of woman nature —an unsuccessful one. He couldn't understand that woman's vast spiritual superiority over man, necessitates an inferiority to him in some other feature. He believed in the compensative principle in a theoretic way, but could not reconcile to his sense of right, the existence in woman of any phase marking a concession to man. "She is not his complement," he said—"she embodies human perfection in herself."

Under this conviction, he was driven to the conclusion that wit either possesses a sex quality, or is something that detracts from a symmetrical moral whole. He couldn't entertain the former doctrine, and his idolatrous loyalty to woman, would not permit him to reject the latter. Under these conditions, at least one instance was made to exist, in which it was a calamity to be conscientious.

Being most sensitively scrupulous, Jimsy necessarily fell into a lamentable mental state. Not being deaf, he could not help hearing witticisms, and facetious "breaks" among men, and his power of self-repression was not always equal to the nearly resistless force of his risible responsiveness. He would

flee to the society of the ladies, and here his dutiful efforts to laugh at what made them laugh, were solemn failures, and strained his *ex*pressive, as much as the other did his *re*pressive energies.

His health began to break, and feeling that something must be done, he came to me for advice. I had been his physician, and friend for years, and he knew that he could depend upon my sincerity, at least. Not having had any conversation with him since his fall into the dreadful fallacy that entirely destroyed his peace, and was fast wrecking his health, I was not prepared to greet him suitably to his condition.

So, as of old, I was joyously effusive, and in that rollicking, mannish abandon, which is, itself, humor, said: "Put it there, old boy," at the same time extending my hand.

He did "put it there", but his hand trembled, and he seemed in distress.

"What's the matter?" queried I, "you look a little thin?"

"Ah" responded he in a laughably unlaughable tone—an exotic tone—"I feel thin," and then he looked self-condemned, for some reason.

I understand the contagion, and bracing effects of cheeriness in the physician, and so, in a tone and manner full of mesmeric banter, said: "Tut, tut, Jimsy; I have seen persons suffering from excess of health, who were as thin as two of you."

At this, he went into a species of convulsions, characterized by bursts of laughter that were *sobs of grief!*

"What's this?" I asked myself. "Was my attempt at drollery so doubtful, constructively, as to throw my sensitive friend into an erethism of paradoxy, or is his mind in a teetery condition?" One thing was certain, he needed a nerve sedative. I gave him a soothing draught, and as soon as he had regained his composure, signified in a merely friendly way, my desire to hear what he might wish to say.

He then explained what a tussle in casuistry he had had, with the ultimate effect of settling him into the condition I have described.

I attempted to protest, but he silenced me by saying that he had exhausted every phase of the subject, and was immovably fixed in his conclusions.

"Do you hold that it is sinful to laugh?" I asked.

"Not at all," he answered in dead earnest, "if you laugh at nothing, or at—the something that women laugh at. I am so disastrously masculine that I can not do either, therefore it is sinful for *me* to laugh at all. It is killing me, but I would rather die than outrage my conscience. What shall I do?"

I am somewhat prolific in resource, and I determined to find some way out of this difficulty for Jimsy, for I loved him dearly. I told him I would take the matter under serious consideration, and give him my conclusions, and advice on the morrow.

Next day he was on hand at the appointed moment. The outcome of my reflections was that he must either go and live with the American Indians, who almost never laugh, or take up his abode on some island not inhabited by human beings (preferably

one where monkeys dwelt, at whose antics he could innocently laugh), or else he should marry some deaf and dumb girl and settle in some wilderness.

The whole scheme struck him as so ludicrous, that he barely escaped another paradoxical fit. After his nerves steadied a little, he said with explosive suddenness: "I have it; I will marry some sensible Christian girl, and assimilate her in entirety."

I clapped my hand on his shoulder in solemn approval, declaring at the same time that he had proven himself the better doctor of the two.

Three months after this, I received an invitation to Jimsy's wedding. Amelia Wharton, a sweet little rose-bud of a girl, was to become his life partner. Demure, and given but little to boisterous laughing, she was, notwithstanding, a crystallized smile herself. He could not have made a better selection.

The long looked for wedding night arrived at last. All must have responded to their invitations, for the Wharton mansion was filled with guests long before the hour set for the ceremony. I had just finished my toilet for the occasion, when—it happened; that is the thing happened that never fails to happen to happen, with reference to the unhappy doctor: I was summoned peremptorily to see a tedious patient. My friend was to be married at seven, and it was past eight when I got back home.

I had hardly gotten into my office when, the bell rang violently, and at the door I met a blanch-faced, white-lipped boy—Amelia's brother—who, in the incoherent language of vast scare, told me that

something dreadful had happened to Jimsy—would I come instantly?

I hurried to the Wharton mansion, where I found everybody in the wildest excitement. On the sofa lay the lifeless form of Jimsy. Whatever may have been his sufferings, they left no trace of it on his features. He lay, simply a picture of frozen placidity. His wife—poor widowed bride—was kneeling at the sofa, oblivious of everything in the great world, except her own absorbing grief. Others were bending over the corpse in curious distress, while several were condoling with the near relatives of the deceased.

It was evident my medical services were not needed, so I retired to another room, where I hoped to learn of the guests the immediate history of the case. None of them, however, had noticed anything suggestive in the remotest degree of the cause of the man's sudden taking off. I was in a painful quandary till I recollected that a reporter was present. "These fellows notice things," I reflected, and if he is still here, I may get at the bottom of this matter. I found the pencil-fiend in a back room, humped up, and scribbling in a dead run, a peculiar light in his eye betraying the immense scoopiness of his feelings.

"Pardon me" said I—"I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Well, sir,"—with ill-concealed impatience—"I hope you'll be brief. This copy must be in the printer's hands within an hour."

"Did Nolan exhibit much trepidation during the marriage ceremony?" I asked.

"Not much. His color came and went some, but he soon recovered his balance."

"Was there any joking, or punning amongst the guests after the marriage?" queried I.

"Yes, just a few minutes before Nolan's death, his best man got off a stunning pun: it was something about being kine(d) to calves."

"Who laughed at it?" I asked, aware that I was making headway.

"Everybody—that is (pausing) all the men."

"Did you see Amelia at this juncture?" I asked with growing interest.

"Yes—"

"How did she look?" interrupted I.

"Solemn."

"Did you notice Nolan at the same time, and if so, how did he look?"

"He grew suddenly pale, and turned his back to the crowd. I noticed he staggered a little as he went to the table to get a drink of water."

"Were there any witticisms, or was there any sharp repartee indulged in between this time, and his death?" I asked with some solicitude.

"No, there was plenty of light pleasantry, but nothing approximating what could be called wit."

"Nothing at all? please think," I said with growing anxiety.

"There was not a scintilla of wit, or anything like

it, from the moment the cow pun was loosed, up to the fatal one of his death."

"Well," said I in a sort of forlorn-hope spirit, "please tell me just what was said, or what happened immediately before Nolan died?"

"Not a thing of the slightest consequence in the world. I recollect that Nellie Johnson, in attempting to ask for her basket, made a lingual slip, and said: "Josie hand me that bisket (biscuit) whereupon all the women laughed consumedly. Amelia's voice rang out sweetly above all the rest. At this moment Nolan dropped like he had been shot. None of this, of course, can have any bearing upon the cause of his death?"

"Certainly not," responded I, complacently.

"By the way, Doctor" asked the reporter, "what do you think killed the man—heart disease?"

"We'll have to call it that" answered I, and when I made out the death certificate the next day, I placed against, "Cause of Death," that doctor's happy hiding-place—that roomy ambiguity, "heart failure."

NOTE.—I owe it to myself to say that I am not in doctrinal sympathy with the Nolan class of men. To believe as he did, is to be a crank, as his life and death illustrated. Have I not writhed under the rapier quip-thrusts of alert femininity a thousand times, and don't I know what it is to be the butt of their hurtling jokes? No. I have merely recorded this professional experience to show what depths of fatuity are possibly attainable to a misguided, or lop-sided man. W. C. C.

ME 'N HANK AN' THE GYRLS.

I'd know'd Hank Jones fer mighty nigh 'leven year, I guess,
An' he was a kind of a rooster, which his socialness
Jes' grow'd on you. The more acquainteder you got,
The better you hed to like the feller, whether er not;
An' hit seemed like he jes' naicherly tuck up with me
Same's I did with him, tell at last, we got to be
'Bout the clostest partners, I reckon you ever see.
We both of us wuz jes' a turnin' twenty-one—
Full of vinegar 'n pepper, an' allus keen fer fun;
No anxiety, 'cept worryin', you know,
Over mustaches we didn't have, an' 'at would n't grow.
An' 'bout this time, some new idees come into us—
Same ez comes to all young fellers in this respect,
An' place of taxin' our brains 'bout some new cussedness,
We tuck to thinkin' a heap about the female sect.
Got fixey an' proud-like, an' spent considable time on dress—
Wore biled shirts with perfect ricklessness,
An' clothes to match—standin' collars 'at mighty nigh
Pried our years off, they wuz so stift an' high;
Cologned our hankerchers, an' soaked our hair with ile;
In fac' done everthing 'at brung us up to style.

We wuz purty brash, an fresh, same time perlite;
Could talk soft trifles an' nonsense clean out'n sight,
An' 'at made us popler—got bids to ever jamboree,
An' stood right in with leaders of sassiety.
It went on this-away fer a couple o' year er so,
Us a runnin' with this gyrl er that, as suited our whims, you know,
An' never settlin' down to airy a p'tickler gyrl,
An' freezin' to her, zef she wuz the unly one in the worl'.
But they wuz one gyrl 'at teetot'ly suited me -
Fit me zef I wuz a hand, an' her a kid-glove,
An' I wuz jes' crazy to git at her an' see
Ef I could n't maneuver-like, an' some-way win her love.
Most cutest, an' sweetest gyrl, she wuz, oh, man!
It did n't seem the worl' hild a ekal to Lizabeth Ann.
An' the best of it wuz, she wuz Hank's sister, an this

Made it double, fer he wuz clean gone on our Sis.
Now Sis wan't no slouch, ez fer as piertness an' purtiness went,
But she wuz zac'ly like Lizabeth Ann in one respect;
They wuz the timidest, bashfullest gyrls in the settlement—
Wouldn't hev nothin' to do with no boys, rickolect.
Nuther of 'em went to parties very much, an' when they did,
They went with other gyrls, er mebbe with some kid.

Prehaps some of you kin rickollect the awful snow
We hed in December of Seventy Two, an' how low
The thenometer kep' fer a week? Well, Squire Wright,
His gyrls gev a candy-pullin' 'at New-yurs night.
We was all ast, an' ever one 'at could, you bet,
Wuz boun' to go, fer they know'd 'tud be a reel banket.
Them Wright gyrls never failed when 't come to sech ensuins
Ez gittin' up a frolick, er any kind of party doins.

The snow on a level, you rickollect, was two foot deep,
An driffs 'long the road, 'at would make a reg'lar Laplander weep,
An' cold—gee whizz! people, I aint no kind of liar,
When I say 'tuz mighty nigh cold enough to freeze a fire.
But what did we keer fer it, whuther 'twuz cold or hot?
We'd went ef we'd know'd we'd froze to death, like ez not.

When New Year's evenin' come 'round, I went to Sis an' said:
"Goin' to the candy-pullin' tonight?" She shuck her head,
An' ast ef I tuck her fer a gyraft. Sez she,
"When hit comes to wadin' th'ough a two-foot snow, please excuse me."
I laughed an' said:
"I bet a dollar 'at you will go"
She shuck her head agin.
"What, ef I'm yer beau?"
I never see a gyrl look more astonishter—
"Honist," she said, an' they wuz a trimble in her voice,
'At made me shamed fer heven' so often neglected her
'Cause she wuz my sister, an' hed to be Hobson's choice.
"Yes, Sis," sez I, "git on yer duds an' look yer best
Yer ez good ez any, an' nairly ez purty ez the purtiest."

I hitched up Nell to my bran' new sleigh, an' strung on her
'Nough bells to laugh th'ough a mild of 'at keen atmospher,
An' I putt in straw, 'n a buffalo robe, 'n a hot soap-stone,
An' I felt like we wouldn't hev to knuckle to nairy one.
Got Sis in, an' well wropped up, an' let Nell out.
She felt her oats—Nell did—'n I wish you mought
A seen us skimmen over the snow, an' th'ough the night,
Like some wild comet with bells on, a humpin' with all
its might!

When we got to the squire's we found 'at Hank hed brung
Lizabeth Ann fer his gyrl, 'stid of Cynthy Jane McClung,
Which he'd been goin' with her, same's me with Lida Dent,
An' the guests looked mighty puzzled, and wonder'd what it
meant.

Durin' the evenin', I done my level best
To shine up to Lizabeth Ann—twittered my purtiest,
But it wan't no go. Still, I thought 'at I could see,
'At *sekertly* she sorto hankered after me.
I notus'd 'at Hank wuz tryin' to make a impression on Sis—
She wuz shy, but pleased, I know'd, at them air breaks of his.

Well, the party wuz a reel roar'n success,
An' ever' one, 'cept Lide and Cinthy, wuz pleased I guess,
An' when it busted, an' all the good-byes wuz said 'y jink
The hour han' wuz pinten at four o'clock, I think.

Hank's sleigh wuz jes' ahead of mine, an' he went flyin',
But Nell wuz a racer, an' kep' closte up 'thout much tryin',
An' the gyrls wuz proud an' happy, an' thought of the differ-
ence
'Tween brothers 'at don't 'n 'at does give ther sisters prifer-
ence.

We hedn't got more'n half a mild, when Hanks sleigh got
In a rut, an' mine done the same, an' both o' them upsot,
An' th'ow'd us permiscus down a bank in a drift of snow,
'At wuz forty foot deep, ef 'twuz half a inch, I know.
Sech a tangled mess of humans, I bet you never see,
An' sech scramblin'—beat a circus fer variety.

Hank fished out Lizabeth Ann, an' got his sleigh all right,
An' putt her in, an' 'fore we know'd it wuz out'n sight.
It tuck me longer, some-way, but in a leetle while
Me'n Sis wuz snuggled in, in a satisfact'ry style,
An' Nell wuz splittin' the air, an' the tinglin' jinglin' bells
Wuz ticklin' the little echoes of them there hills and dells,
An' the little stars wuz splinterin' the breath of the frosty night
With messages of glory from their awful height.
"Hain't you might'-nigh frozed?" says I. "Lemme make you warm."
Nen I perceeded to wrop her up with—my arm.
She trimbled a little, but sot still. 'N I said, "Sis,
Yer's to Hank," nen I kissed her a affectionate kiss!
She squirmed a leetle, 'n I said: "Sis, I reely spec'
The reason you don't talk, yer thinkin' 'bout the wreck."
Nen she said: "'At wuz the onriest, scheminist plan
They ever wuz."
"Why, Goramighty! 'at you, Lizabeth Ann?"
Says I, 'stonished most to death.
"You know'd 'twuz me
All along, an' you an' Hank orto both of you be
Shamed yer selves fer playin' sech a trick." Nen I
Jes' bust out laughin', an' laughed, an' laughed, tell I thought I'd die.
I guess 'twuz ketchin,' fer Lizabeth Ann jined in an' her
Sweet voice rung out in silver tribble more charminer
To me an' all the other music in the worl'.
Oh, Gee! but wuzn't I happy, with that darlin' gyrl
Closte to my side, an' not tryin' to hide no more
Her likin' fer me? The ice wuz broke at last fer shore,
An' I know'd 'tud be all right.
After a bit she said:
"I wonder how Hank an' Sis, by now, is comin' ahead?"
"They'll git along all right," says I, "both o' them is true,
But I caint think of nothin' in all this worl' but you—
We're purty nigh home, though I tuck the very longest road;
Lord, how time flies—we'll hev to part, my angel toad!"
I kissed her an' he'ped her out, nen kissed her agin, an' said:
"Shill I call nex' Sunday night?" She smiled an' nodded her head.

When I got home, Sis hedn't yit got off her wraps.
Laughin' and blushin' an' shakin' her finger, she said: "Prehaps
You fellers thought you wuz smart. Why, me'n Lizabeth Ann
Wuz onto yer trick a week ago. Overheer'd you plan
The thing, I did, nen I posted her."
Well, I wuz beat.
But to cut the story short, er I might say short an' sweet,
They wuz a double weddin,' one yur from 'at air night,
An we wuz in it. We're in't yit, yer mighty right.

ATHEISM.

It is easily possible for an independent thinker to reason himself into confessed atheism. In fact, to one who is untethered by any feature of creedal theology, and who is brave to a point which includes self-contempt, it is nearly as easy not to believe in, as to believe in, God. The habit of exactitude acquired by all thinkers and reasoners, tends to question of the unprovable. The extrascriptural pro's and con's in relation to the Deific possibility, are found to be nearly in precise equipoise. Why should God thus hide Himself from our *hungry, inquiring* minds? Alas, for atheistic philosophy, why should our souls *be* thus *hungry* and yearning? It does not answer the question to say this yearning was not primarily innate, but is inherited; that in the world's youth the death-bed agony was supplied this palliative by the hopeless pity and love of dear ones, for

the possibility of the comforting suggestion grew out of a sense of *oughtness* in relation to this terrible *mustness*. Whence this sense of oughtness? We know now that in reference to forces and conditions in their relation to the cosmos, *oughtness* and *mustness* are identical. Death is inevitable—it *must* be, and since it *ought* to be offset by the fact of a Supreme Fatherhood, it *is* so counterbalanced, because the *ought* and the *must* are one and the same thing in the end.

No one can be *absolutely* atheistic, without confessing that a stream may rise higher than its source, which is as absurd as that there could be adjoining hills without hollows between them. To say that mind can be evolved from *dumb* matter, is to hold that something can come from nothing; either this, or to deny that matter *is* dumb, which, traced to the end, is an acknowledgment of God.

Every integral part of this universe has a head. This is the bare statement of an undisputed fact—it is something more conclusive than an axiom, if possible. Even unorganized, amorphous matter *depends* upon something—its origin, its head. Nothing that ever existed did have, and nothing that exists does have, two heads.* This, of course, is past debate. All these sub-heads, which are necessary to the integrality of Nature's parts, focus in the

*Let not some trifler instance a barrel, for its *ends* are heads by philological courtesy only. Its head is that *capital* function to which all its other functions are subservient.

Supreme—in the Head of all heads. Call this primal condition Nature, if you will, but don't deny its intelligence, for in doing so you are denying that you have a mind, which is to do an impossible thing, since the possibility of denial inheres in your power to think.

Thus, we have seen, that to be self-consistent, the universe must have a head. Not to be self-consistent is *not* to exist, but we know the universe does exist, therefore, it has a head. *Man is not its head.* I actually make this statement fearlessly. No lesser being than man is its head. We have seen the impossibility of a sane position counter to this. It is an inescapable conclusion therefore, that the head of the universe is an intelligence superior to man's. In this connection it is proper to remind the extreme doubter that the *fact* of supremacy, *must* include a knowledge of the fact, otherwise, it could not be such fact. Is any sane man conscious of being the Supreme Being?

To admit the possibility of higher intelligences, is to admit the fact of a Supreme Intelligence, distinct from man, for the possibility of *higher*, includes the fact of *highest*. There is a God!

There was a young man named McToot,
Who was kissingly pressing his suit,
When the gov'ner broke in
With a crash and a din,
And lifted him out with his boot.

WAIL OF THE AGNOSTIC.

I've studied hard the wrangling creeds
  In search of ray divine,
To light my soul in its great needs,
  Through this dark night of mine;
But what is truth—truth doubtlessly—
Hath ne'er declared itself to me.
How favored—ah, how blessed they
Who see, and know the radiant way
"To mansions in the skies." Could I
See thus, know thus, 'twere sweet to die.
Transcending reason, sainthood knows
  By *faith* God reigns above—
Transcending faith, the atheist shows
  By *reason* 'twill not prove.
Between this bright and dark extreme,
Vast hosts still halt, and dread, and dream,
And 'mid this speculative throng
I drift all helplessly along.
If a man die, oh! shall he then
Miraculously live again?
The Christian knows this will be so,
But I—I do not, *can not* know!

BILL AND SERAFENER.

I jes' don't hisitate to say, 'at Serafener Hanks
Prehaps, without no doubt, was plum the purtiest, likeliest gyrl
'At ever trompt round on them air dear ole Masseppi banks,
Er in Mizzury, er fer that air matter, in the worl'.

Bill Scroggins, which he lived in Eelinoy, he thought so too,
An pushed his-self almighty brash to bring her to the scratch,
An' she swung in, fer he jes' suited her clean th'ough an' th'ough,
An' hit got middlin certain, 'at these two would make a match.

Now Bill, he warn't no jude, an' didn't talk no college words,
But he could sling a awful vicious axe, er break a colt,
Er train coon dogs, er trap a fox, er any kind of birds,
An' no man beat him pitchin' quaits, he ever got aholt.

But spite of all these 'complishments, ole Hanks jes' hated him—
Driv him off'n his place one day, he did, an' senchly swore
Bill's chainces fer him keepin' of a whole hide would be slim,
'F ever he ketched him prowlin' roun' them diggins anymore.

An' Bill kep' scace, fer ole Hanks wuz a terror in a fight;
No how, Bill didn't want no scrap fer Serafener's sake,
So him an' the gyrl kep' hopin' 'at, somehow, 'tud all come right,
'Thout no punchin' heads er furse in any which-away.

The more time flitter'd by 'thout Bill, the more deestressed she grow'd,
An' twict she tried fer to alope, but ole Hanks headed her;
Tell she jes' settled down heartbroke at last, crusht by her load,
An' day by day, she grow'd more slimmer an' more solemner.

One lonely evenin' she wuz out a milkin' of a keow,
When all a suddent, a cycalone jes' swup 'em out'n sight!
Oh prosterated wuz that pore fambly with grief, an' now,
Rough as he wuz, ole Hanks would died to hed her back that night.

Fer three days they wuz searchin' an' inquirin' fer milds aroun'—
The neighbors all turned out an' he'pd, but it wuz all in vain;
No doubt they'd drapped in Massasep, an' never would be foun'
Tell jedgment day, when all the scraps is jined together again.

Ole Hanks, he tuck a pious turn, an' said at they mus' be
Some funeral doins, religious-like; readin' the scripter some,
Er takin' up a cleckshion er a singin' doxol'gy,
An' he sot Chuesday night, an' ast the good people to come.

An' they did come, an' Deacon Wiles hed jes' commenced to read,
When all a-suddent the door bust in, an' who do you think stood there?
Bill and Serafine! an' she said: "We've tuck an' done the deed—
Fergive, an' bless us Pap—make this our weddin' infa-air!"

Ole Hanks, he blowed his nose, he did, an' tickled us mos' to death
By sayin': "Prov'dence got low holts on me, an' I'm plum beat—
I see you brung a fiddler—when we all kin git our breath,
We'll clair the floor, an' dance the chune called 'Bonypart's Retreat.'"

The cycalone 'thout hurtin' 'em, hed gently sot 'em down,
In Eelinoy, right in Bill's yard, an' 'twasn't long ontel
Bill 'skiver'd 'em, an' soon the 'squire hed did the thing up brown;
An' 'at's how it come, this purty bride—danced at her own funerel.

MARVELS OF THE UNSEEN.

Day by day and more and more we are made to realize that *there is no void* in the universe. All that is, is material expression. Every forward hitch of science is toward this conclusion as its ultimate resting place. This material theory will certainly, probably or possibly account for all known phenomena. Standard philosophy fails us miserably in our greatest exigencies.

All occult manifestation depends proximately upon vibration: remotely upon the fact of universal substantiality. The consensus of all modern scientific thought points to vibration as the immediate cause of every observed effect. But vibration is possible to substance only. Vacuity—abstraction—can not vibrate.

In that class of phenomena affecting psychic manifestation, the will—itself an effect of vibration—is the central element. Thus hypnotism—dependent upon psychic telegraphy, *which* depends upon the eye's substantiality—is a *will* result. If will power were abstraction, as held in the past, how could it *do* things, remembering that abstraction (nothing) cannot act or be acted upon? To illustrate the weakness and fallacy of current philosophy I will here quote from a paper of mine published some time ago in the *Arena*.

Thus: "*Grief* is defined as pain of mind, which is unwittingly nearly correct. But *pain* and *mind* are both abstraction. Abstraction, under final analysis

is *nothing*. Therefore grief is a form of *illusion* and can have no real existence. When, then, a fond mother or wife drops dead from a grief-shock, she does no such thing, for abstraction cannot act, nor be acted upon—she dies of *illusion*. But this *illusion* is, itself, abstraction, and since abstraction cannot act, she does not die of illusion; she just dies anyhow! But she could not die without a cause, and since the only possible cause is *not* a cause, the conclusion is inevitable that although she is undeniably dead, she positively did not die! '*Mode-of-motion*' philosophy for you, dear reader."

As nature gives up her secrets under the curious delvings of man, and particularly under those of the chemist, the truth of this Higher Philosophy upon which I insist, will become more and more evident. The mystery of photography in darkness, and that surrounding the x-ray, can be explained by no other theory under heaven. Particular forms or qualities of matter depend upon atomic relationships, and these depend upon rate of energetic expression. The difference between what we call light and darkness depends proximately upon the relationship of their ultimate molecular elements and their intrinsic movements, and all this is an effect of energetic rate. Energy is matter, which may be gross or refined according to the degrees of its arrest. The phenomena of *energy*, upon which every manifestation depends, result from the beneficence of the primal, supreme, causeless cause.

These conclusions agree, in the main, with those of our greatest modern philopher, John Uri Lloyd.

It has been scientifically fashionable to consider darkness as a negative condition. It has been defined to be "the absence of light." There are no *negative* conditions in the universe, because self contradiction is impossible. The term "negative" is technically convenient, that is all. Everything that exists is a positive expression. Darkness is just another form of light, as char-coal is another form of the diamond. The facts of light and darkness, as related to us, are consequent upon the structure of the eye, and the existence of a sensorium. Whether considered objectively or subjectively, they, in common with every other phenomenon, are physical conditions. Potentially, the Roentgen ray has always existed. By a fortuitous movement in connection with a kindred purposive act, the potential was energized into the kinetic. And so, as the moments are told, we are forging toward the ultimate consummation of the final in fact, though we shall never reach it. Nothing is impossible that the mind can conceive. Otherwise, reciprocal harmony between potentiality and mental perceptiveness would be destroyed, which would be self-stultification in nature. The fact of a possible conception, is the fact of its possible justification. To deny this is to doubt the philosophy of analogy, and question the infinitude of the unconditioned.

Everything that exists is a form of thought. He who first said: "There is a thought behind every-

thing," closely grazed the actual truth. It is true that there are sermons in stones. Things are not the objective products of thought—they are its potential expressions. Between manifest and potential thought there is an eternal play, resulting in a ceaseless train of influences and effluences. Kinetic thought goes from man into his productions where it appears in potential form. Potential thought passes into the human mind in kinetic form, obediently to a primal fiat. Thus man converses with God, and God with man.

We are living in a tensive era. Man and his environments are getting closer together as the clock ticks. Electricity and magnetism, in conjunction with chemical outreachings, are solving the mystery of being. The direct and indirect expressions, or effluences of the unconditioned are converging toward a common center. The impossible of the past is rapidly becoming the possible of the present—the impossible of the present shall be the possible of the future. Blessed is he who lives now—more blessed he who is not yet born.

RHYMIC JIM-JAMS.

The buggest bug that bugs
Is the spraddling beetle bug,
And the sluggest slug that slugs
Is the common "worter slug."

(*To be continued.*)

SETH SMITH

Onct they wuz a man by the name of Smith—
Easiest man in the worl' to be 'quainted with—
Which he wuz a fisherman, livin' not fer
Frum the willery banks of the Miamer.
He want no kind of a restocrat—
Couldn't talk college, an' things like that,
An' he dressed in a ruther keerless style—
Barefoot in summer, all the while;
Blue-drill pants, an' a hick'ry shirt
Kiver'd with fish-scales and other dirt;
Permeter hat, 'thout much of a brim,
An' on'y one gallus—'at wuz 'nough fer him,
But him an' his wife, an' the two twin kids
Wuz ez happy ez a nest of katydids
Ez long ez the river didn't git too high,
An' the fish ud bite, an' the people ud buy.

Now Seth fer 'at wuz his gyven name—
Wuz rough in his ways, but all the same
His heart wuz soft ez a womern's, an' he
Wuz the cleverest feller you ever see—
Lend you all he hed 'thout a bit o' quizzin',
'Cept his wife prehaps, an' them twins o' his'n.
Jes' 'commodate anyone, no odds who,
An' no differnce what they ast him to do;
Ef he'd owned a planet, an' you'd wanted hit,
He'd a give it up 'thout parley'n a bit.
W'y hit's a ackshal fac', fore now, I've see
Him reach down his pocket delibetly,
An' fetch up the las' chaw tobacker he had
To give to a tromp, er some'n ez bad!
Didn't keer fer his-self not a fiddler's durn,
But ud resk his life to do a good turn
Fer ez ornery a thing ez a worter-slug,
Er mebbe a crippled tumble-bug;
'At's the kind of a feller 'at Seth Smith wur—
"Fisherman Smith, of the Miamer."

Squire Brown, which he lived in a town closte by,
In a stone-front house three story high,
Wuz the richest man fer milds around,
An' 'bout the proudest 'at could be found.
Same time, no man in the town done more
To sarve the public an' he'p the pore,
An' mebbe tuz owin' to 'at there naicher
'At he allus got to the legislaicher,
Fer regler ez 'lection-time come by
We sent him up, like a ball on a fly.

The squire wuz a widderwer, an' he
Hed jes' one kid—a gyrl—an' she
Wuz nine year old, an' ez sweet a child
Ez you'd meet, ef you'd go a thousan' mild.
A borned angel, she wuz complete,
An' he worshiped the very tracks of her feet.

One day in Aprile of ninety-four—
I'll never fergit it, not no more
An' I'll disremember to breathe my breath,
Er say my prayers at the pint of death—
The squire tuck his gyrl out fer a ride,
An' to visit her cousins on the other side
Of the river, 'bout ten milds away,
Where they cackalated to spend the day.
Ez they passed Seth, fishin' closte to the ford,
The squire gev a nod, an' a friendly word,
An' the little gyrl th'owed a kiss at Seth,
At might-nigh tuck away his breath,
Fer *he* loved childern, good er bad,
Witb all the great big heart he had.

'Bout four o'clock in the afternoon,
A black cloud riz, an' purty soon
It busted, an' the rain begun to pour,
An' hit kep' hit up fer a hour er more,
Tell all the cricks of everwhere
Fer milds around got on a tear,
An' naicherly 'twant long ontel
The river itself begun to swell.

Tuz half past six when Squire Brown
Come drivin' back on his way to town;
Hit hedn't rained on'y a leetle bit
Where he'd been visitin, an' hit
Plum fooled him. Didn't seem which
The river'd raised more'n a foot er sich,
An' he druv right in: Seth hed'nt no doubt
The squire'd come home by nuther rout,
An' he'd went dip-nettin' furder down,
An' clean fergot 'bout Squire Brown,
But the very minute he heer'd the splash
He know'd what wuz up, an' flew like a flash
To the ford. The buggy'd upsot, an' the hoss
Wuz plungin', an' strugglin' to git across,
An' the squire wuz ketched in a floatin' limb,
Which 'at wuz lucky, fer he couldn't swim.
An' the little gyrl—dear little gyrl—
She wuz carried down in the maddenin' whirl
To the suck below, an' a flash of the gold
Of her wonderful hair too plainly told
Where the flood hed swaller'd her up! Now Seth
Know'd well tuz almost certain death
To dive in 'at place, but what wuz Seth
To Seth? an' what did he keer fer death!
So whisperin' a prayer, he made the dive,
Boun' fer to git her, dead er alive.
An' he got her too, an' brung her to shore,
An' nen he dropped, an' didn't know no more,
Fer he'd left a path of red in the flood—
The red of a hero's noble blood.
When he div, he struck a rock with his head,
An' "fractured skull" 's what the doctor said,
Soon's he wuz th'ough examinin' him!
The chainces fer the gyrl likewise looked slim,
But they brought her to, an' she soon got well,
An' now comes the part 'at is hardest to tell.
Poor Seth kept sinkin' ez the days rolled by,
Tell we all of us know'd 'at he hed to die.
He wuz out'n his head frum the minute he dropped

On the shore. His reasonin' idees wuz stopped,
But he talked all the time in a staggerin' way
'Bout his wife, an' the twins; tell, one bright day,
His mind waked up, an' wuz clair ez a bell,
An' he 'pear'd to know 'at he couldn't git well,
Fer he said to the squire: "I don't keer fer *my* life,
But what will become of my pore little wife,
An' two twin kids?" He breshed 'way a tear
The squire did, an' said: "Dear friend, I shill keer
Fer your darlin's, the same ez I'll keer fer my own,"
An' smilin' his thanks, Seth died 'thout a groan.

The squire hed anxiously watched over Seth
Frum the day he wuz hurt, tell the day of his death—
Got a doctor an' nuss, an' done all of the good
In the worl' fer the man 'at he possible could,
An' after he died, he hed him bestow'd
In a way tu'd make any corpse proud, ef it know'd.
Tuck his wife an' the kids, ez quick ez they come
Frum the fun'rel, straight to his own palace home.
Drest 'em up in the finest of close—went so fer
Ez to hire a maid, an' a private tuter,
He did, fer the widder. More'n 'at, tuck an' went
An' hed her take lessons on the pian'r inst'ment.

Made a heap o' talk - all this did. Folks tuck an' said
'At hit looked like both wuz glad Seth wuz dead,
An' all sech ez 'at. Kep' hit up this away
Fer more'n three year, squire did, 'n one day
Tuz 'nounced 'at they'd soon be a weddin' in town—
The morriage in fac', of the widder'n Squire Brown!

Hit's all over now, an' the new Mrs. Brown,
An' the twins, is the happiest people in town.
'Nef Seth Smith's naicher hain't changed sence he died,
An' things kin be seen frum the other side,
I *know* 'at nothin' could be truer, instid—
Seth's glad he is dead, an' died ez he did.

JINGO.

There's a little old-fashioned song I know,
That was born in the turbulent long ago,
And a certain *italic* burns through its notes
That splendidly fits it for patriot throats;
'Tis "Yankee Doodle," with its bounding sing-ho
And nervy Jingo!

There's a bird with a flashing and far-reaching eye,
That skims, in its glory, the uttermost sky;
Our emblem of freedom, it typifies well
Our Uncle, the shrewd and the vast Samuel,
And its scream, unlike that of the timid flamingo,
Is straight-out Jingo!

And there is a banner, "Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,"
Whose right to its beautiful starry array
Was wrung out of blood; and it has a way
Of making the despots and tyrants sing low,
And small, by Jingo!

And there is a day that we all celebrate,
In every hamlet of every State;
'Tis the Fourth, Columbia's glorious day!
And damned be the man who won't hooray,
And whoop up its noise and spread-eagle lingo,
By the eternal Jingo!

FINITE, *VS.* INFINITE LOGIC.

It is a dazing fact, that it is as impossible to conceive that the Universe has always existed, as it is, that it had a beginning. That it never had a beginning is finitely unthinkable. That it had a beginning is equally so, because this position involves the idea of creating something out of nothing. If the Universe has always existed, then it is an effect without a cause; if it was created, then its creator is an effect without a cause. Both these hypotheses are equally untenable according to human logic, yet we do *know*, if we know anything, that one of them is true. Since one of them is *necessarily* true, this truth must be in harmony with a logic which is inaccessible to human reason, for it could not exist in self-contradiction. That is to say, to *us* it could not so exist.

Any attempt to fathom the infinite leads up to the seeming mergence of the possible and the impossible, as seen from a finite standpoint. Thus, to us, the nature of duration is such that it cannot be anticipated. Since it never had a beginning, it may be likened to a straight line with but *one* end. The present represents that end. Such a line cannot exist, but we are forced to acknowledge that it does exist. As this line is lengthening toward a futurity which has no limit, it appears that it will always be a line with but one end. Thus, it is a *part* of infinity, but infinity can have no parts. As the whole necessarily implies boundary, or limitation, infinity can have no whole. If it has neither whole, nor

parts, our reason crowds it out of existence. Since the finite depends upon the infinite for its possibility, then the finite does not exist. If neither the finite nor infinite exists, then nothing exists.

Thus, it is seen that under a rigorous application of human reasoning to the solution of the problem of the infinite, it is established, under final analysis, that cause and effect are identical; that what *cannot* exist *does* exist; that existence, and nonexistence are one and the same thing. To state it succinctly the impossible is possible, and the possible is impossible, and we ourselves do *not* live and move, and have our being; and so it is that we are hurled back into our puny selves, when we essay to fathom the unfathomable.

SAVED.

Oh! I loved her so, and it seemed she must
Love me. The compensative scheme would else
Be violate and there would be a jar
Throughout the universe. Why should my heart
Go out to her in adoration deep
Not bidden by a psychic effluence
That sought response? I reasoned so, just as
I'd ravel out cold science when I'd find
A philosophic point. Poor blinded fool—
I knew not that the heart's philosophy
Is bounded by no laws which merely man
Can comprehend, till Ethel taught it me.
She loved me not, but pitied tenderly
My helplessness, and held me in her sweet
Esteem. That was so much, and since her hate
Could not have killed my love, for both of us,
'Twas better so.

But there came one whom she
Could love—a stranger from a foreign land—
A Count they said, who, tired of courts and all
Their hollow mockery, sought rest amongst
Our unpretentious villagers. His face
Had strength enough to hide from partial eyes
The lines which mean duplicity throws out,
(Had there been any need for any such deceit)
And all agreed that he was handsome to
A rare degree. His mien was noble, and
His ease in quotings personal to lords
And men of royal fame, invested him
With a distinguished aura, which failed not
In most potential awesomeness. And yet
With easy dignity he'd stoop to talk
With simple folk, and being born to all
The sweet amenities he gave to them
No choice, but they should love and reverence
The stranger Count.

And there ensued within
Our social realm, a flutter such as ne'er
Had been before. The maidens, nearly all,
Vied with each other in a charm-display
To win the Count's esteem, which might lead on,
Through fav'ring circumstance, to love. And the
Mamma's, with more matured finesse, and with
A deep forecast, begotten of the past,
Abetted well the charmers in their schemes.
Soirees succeeded in a glitt'ring chain,
And he, the favored guest, was made to taste
To full, the sweet of compliment, not less
Effusive than he'd fled from, if 'twas more
Sincere. 'Twas his to choose, like any bee
That staggers through a garden full of rare
Sweet flowers. All this for him, while local beaux
Cursed *sotto voce*, misinterpreting
The animus at bottom of this craze,
As woman's shallowness, as if they had
Not lost their heads, had some sweet princess dropped
As he, into their midst.

Time sped on wings
That whirred to music and to laughter for
That happy throng, the sobbing undertones
All lost to them, but not to me. 'Twas plain
Anon he had his preference. If he
Had been an anchorite, he ne'er could have
Withstood my Ethel's charms.

Her form was that
In fervent real, which e'er haunts the dreams
Of sculptors, and her hair, a cataract
Of sunset gold. Her brow, the trysting place
Of thought; her eyes and cheeks and lips and throat,
The dreams of poets crystallized. Each glance,
Each blush and all her smiles, were glints of news
From heaven, and her ardent soul was the
Sweet nesting place of love. The tender light
Of pity and half-love which ever shone
For me from her dear eyes, grew more and more
In precious worth as she, by pauseless Fate
Was borne out from my sphere of hope.

The Count
Had but to choose, and Ethel was his choice.
Her love was ready-made for him, and as
The sweet of sunlight is, by beck'ning fruit
Absorbed, so was my idol's life immerged
In his. Now, was it weak in her to be
Thus *chosen*, like the bloodless diamond in
A cluster that's for sale? Or did her sense
Of her compelling beauty make her feel
A mistress-ship consistent with her case?
The casuistry of the heart I leave
To cooler heads; I only know that she
Could not do wrong.

So happy in her faith
And hope and love, and new-found joy, the slights
Of envious and disappointed ones
She easily condoned, and truly wished
The lines of all might fall as pleasantly
As had her own.

The visits of the Count
Grew frequenter, and it was known they were
Engaged. In one more happy week, this twain
Were to be one. Already they were joined
In that wedlock of souls which is above
Convention and statutes. He told her so,
And her true heart, in trust that's measureless,
Beat echoes to the same. The logic of
Her heart was right, for she could *not*, in her
Essential purity, do wrong. Mistakes
That bear directly into grossest sin
May be, consistently with right intent.
And doubly, so may be, if possible,
With innocence that thinks no wrong

The knell
Of all my glowing hopes was tolling still,
But made me not a misanthrope. Who loves
One worthily, can not be pessimist,
Nor hate the world. 'Twas mine to minister
To suff'ring ones; to 'suage the ills of flesh,
And oft concomitantly to give sooth
To breaking hearts. This, too, was constant help
In crushing self and climbing toward that plane
Where good, ideal, melts at last into
The real. So I plodded on, like all
The village doctors do, forced into deep
Relation to poor human nature's dark
Obverse, yet catching oft bright glimpses of
The streak divine, in souls we think forgot
Of God. Meantime, my money income through
It all, showed cents for dollars earned—the rule
With such as I.

As, hurrying along
One bitter morn to see a child with gripes,
The squire's wife, a newsy little soul,
Called me to halt, and with a relish I
Was sorry for, said, bantering:

"You have
Not heard the news?"

"The news? what news?" said I,
"Some lover-pair eloped?"

"Oh! better far—
I mean, more startling far, than that—the Count
Has fled!"

My heart stopped beating and I felt
I'd surely fall, but automatic'ly
I walked away, and rallied slowly as
I went. "Dear girl," I mused, "her faithful heart
Is broken now, and she will die. Those eyes
Which drops of joy alone should gem, must now
Grow dull with grief. Those cheeks, the sweet play-
ground
Of chasing blushes, soon will fade into
Blank pallor, and the lips, the cherry lips
Where kisses bud, grow white, and lose their taste
Of ecstasy!" And musing thus, I flew
To her to give such comfort as a friend—
A lover-friend—might give.

Alone, with eyes
All dry, but on her face a set resolve
That reached from hell to heaven, I found her there,
My Ethel, with her fatal wound. A light,
The shadow of her old-time smile, broke out,
As taking both my hands she said: "Welcome!
For all my faith in man is not destroyed."
Then pleadingly: "Oh! you will be to me
A proof there is fidelity; you'll cleave
To me, and *save* me *to* the end and *in*
The end!" Her meanings deep were not too deep
For my absorptive, hungry heart, and there
In horror-stricken chill, o'er-ridden all
By conqu'ring love, I pledged myself.

"I'll play
The role," she said, "and you'll abet. It must
Go out, that I discovered he was not
My answering affinity, and sent
Him off. I'll be as gay as proper for

A girl, still heart-whole, but emerging from
A semi-flirting episode that fooled
Them all and justified the false report
Of an engagement. You will too, assume
A levity you do not feel, and be
My beau. So loving me as I love him
You'll nearly die for me, as wholly I
Will die *of* him *for* you and for myself
And all. They'll call me heartless and a flirt,
But that, *that* I can bear; I've come at last
To need that dubitative subterfuge
Which is so handy oft for men: The end
Will justify the means. We'll go out in
Society; we'll be together much
And seem to relish life. So now, dear friend—
My real friend, we understand our parts.
Your love, albeit not requited full
Is equal to the task—and mine for him
Who slew me with mine own unmeasured love
In using first, then spurning it—that love
With its dread superadded consequence,
Will buoy me through it all."

She ended thus,
Well knowing that for her sweet sake, I would
Dissimulate my soul away, if there
Were need. We parted there but kept our faith.
Her bravery! 'Twas something more than mere
Forgetfulness of self for some grand end—
'Twas heroism, not like any burst
Of valor: it was a continued stress
Of awful purpose which could not be balked
By Fate itself. Exteriorly she seemed
Contented, and her ready joke or smile,
Or silv'ry laugh, were understood to be
A joke, or smile, or laugh, just as she'd willed.
This crushing of her heart-break out of sight
Soon told upon her health. The lily fast
Displaced the rose, and each fair nestling place
Of dimples soon became the habitat
Of lines the doctor understands. And thus,

Her deep resolve was seconded by kind
Pathology. All saw her failing case,
But no one understood its cause but her
And me. It brought a quiet joy to her,
And for her sake to me. Her parents and
Her brothers and her sisters and her friends
Grew anxious, and I had to seem to put
My skill to its severest test for her,
But still she failed, for—*I was saving her!*

She knew she might anticipate, and none
Would know but me. So when a messenger,
White-lipped with scare came thundering at my door
One sad, black night, and summoned me in haste
To Ethel's home, I knew the tragedy
Was closing fast. My agony of love,
Blood-drenched, gave wings to me, and soon
I stood beside her bed. There, writhing with
Atrocious pangs, my Ethel lay. She had
Not chosen a lethean drug, for fear
They *might* suspect. I knew the antidote,
But with a bleeding heart and trembling hand,
Selected that, potential only for
A fading euthanasia.

So she died—
Of "heart failure," for that is popular
And handy for the doctor. Ah! it *was*
Heart-failure, in that deep abysmal sense
Interpretable only by those souls
Whose light goes out in woe.

And, as I gazed
Upon that picture of white innocence—
That remnant of the beautiful and good,
Wrapt in th' eternal silences, my soul
Distinctly heard, in psychic speech, the words:
"You saved me *to* the end, and *in* the end."

LITTLE GOLDIN HAIR.

They's heaps o' purty childern in this worl' of ourn, I know—
You'll see a sprinkle of 'em a'most any place you go;
In the churches, an' the schools, an' on the streets, an' everwhere,
But putt 'em all in one, they couldn't ekal Goldin Hair.

They's onct 'na while a gyrl 'at's pearantly good in ever way
'At you kin think of—docyle an' obejent; don't quorl in her play;
Goes strick to Sunday-school, an' at bed-time sez her prayer,
But sech is unly a leetle good, cumpared to Goldin Hair.

Her beauty wuz a stiddy an' onchangeable supprise,
An' her goodness wuz jes' fitten fer a child in paradise;
An' more'n onct Merriar, in a narvous-like dispair,
Hez said: "Oh, Ephraim! shill we ever *know* our Goldin Hair?"

Pear'd zef she wuz so strange-like, 'at we couldn't cipher out
The meanin' of the curus things she often talked about—
Seem'd like we couldn't git ust to her, ner onderstan' jes' where
She got sech queer idees, fer jes' a child, like Goldin Hair.

We couldn't figger what she meant, when sayin' 'at she could see
Sech brightness way beyend the skies, most to eternity,
But long, an' long fore she wuz seven, one thing wuz mighty clair—
Our child wuz driftin' back to heaven—our precious Goldin Hair!

She didn't hev no sickness, ner no kind of ache, ner pain—
We never heer'd her moan, ner groan, ner anyways cumplain;
She faded out of life wuz all, an' wher the dimples were
Wuz left a frozden smile fer us—the last of Goldin Hair.

I wisht 'at she'd ben mean sometimes, an' quorld, an' nairly fit;
An' sassed me an' her mother, ef 'twuz jes' a leetle bit—
I wisht 'at she'd ben cross-eyed, an' ben yeller, 'stid of fair,
Fer them air things might lighten some, our grief fer Goldin Hair.

But most I wisht is, me'n Merriar hed scolded her someway,
Er mebbe whupt her—cause the storm blow'd down the wheat that day,
Fer then we'd both ben jestified, teetotal, fair an' square,
In blowin' out our brains, an' goin' up to Goldin Hair!

INTENSION.

In forming our judgment upon social questions, we must discriminate between the technical natural, and the *natural* natural. Nordau and other philosophers of his class, classify as unnatural all non-conformatory manifestations. After all, however is the susceptibility of intension to exaggeration much different from its capacity for sublimated expression? Is there no valid place in the upper realm of thought for too-tooness? Indeed, can aught be too very too? If thought-strain blossom into mental orgasms which are far without wontedness, shall we infallibly call it insanity? Was Walt Whitman insane? Are Swinburne, and Zola and Ibsen crazy? How about the composer, Wagner?

The *higher different* is what Intension seeks. When merely selfish in end, it ignores the technical natural, and its ultimate expressions become abnormities, so-called. It is the technical natural that Nordau, and like philosophers plead for. Within that sphere the swart is not so sacred as the beautiful. A compost heap is not so good as a marvellous painting; the croak of a toad is not so close to God as is some dreamful symphony.

In its strenuous quest for the novel, a form of Intension turns upon the limits of the possible, and trends toward the degenerate, as we call it. Because one thing is *actually* as sacred as another, this has a naturally natural justification. A famous actress threw her little pet dog into a red hot stove. This

piece of diabolism was the price of a *new* thrill, to be recalled and painted on the face in some dreadful passage of rhetoric.

To express themselves, Intensists are driven to break the monotony of propriety. They must find palpitant reciprocals outside the limits of correctness, as sanely construed. A pushed virility becomes pruriency, settling at last into a mordant erethism of salacity, which carries the victim far without the technical natural. Therefore, we have our Oscar Wildes. It is a remarkable fact that eminent virility has a natural parallelism with intellectual brilliancy. It is not surprising, therefore, that Oscar Wilde soared lonesomely in the very empyrean of original thought. The conjointure of luminous intellectualism, and gross animalism in his case, are explicable within sanity, but how outrageous it seems!

Socially, conservative intension finds last responses in scientific, and spiritual triumphs—epochal light-bursts. These confirm the prescience of genius, and are gloriously redolent of something not greatly different from divine inspiration. An Edison parts the veil that hides from the rest of us the subtle possibles of a vast prepotent energy. A Holmes, or Holland pictures in verbal music the sweet dreamery of great souls. A Beethoven, or Mozart opens spiritual vistas, which to traverse, is to be in fellowship with the angels. A Beecher, or Bellows lifts us up through sacred idealisms, and awesome solemnities, and majestic magnificences into the very companionship of God.

THE RISING TRAGEDIAN'S LAST APPEARANCE.

(*Scene: A bedroom in which there is an actor pacing the floor excitedly. Enter Doctor.*.)

Actor—At last, at last thou'rt come! 'Twas told me thou
Canst banish—ha! see'st thou yon eerie troupe
Of 'gnomes? Now help me, an thou lovest me!
But see! That monstrous helgramite with bulging eyes
Hath swallow'd a million carpywogs, and with
A snake about its throat, tied four-in-hand,
It forgeth hitherward!

Doctor—Be calm, dear sir,
'Tis but a play of mental images.

Act—My fancy then gone mad? It is not true—
That hideous Xentogriff; that warted skewk;
That venomed scortle—*they* but figments of
A mind diseased?

Doct.—'Tis even so, my friend.

Act.—Thou art mistaken, learned sir. With all
Thy erudition—hist! that stridulous
Outcry, intoned with clammy groans. Alas!
Thou canst not hear these things. I would thou couldst
For one bare little moment. This, thou callst
Imagination! Bah! The purring, suave
Complaisancy; the unctuous dignity;
The pretty platitudinarianism
Of learn'd pretense—it tireth me! List thou:
Hast ever looked down through a microscope
Into the nether world? Hast seen, in moss—
In simple moss that children play with—an
Old forest, dense inhabited with strange,
And nameless creatures which do sport or fight
Amid its foliage, or on the ground
Beneath—hast seen this thing?

Doct.—'Tis true, I have.

Act.—And if thou tell it to the dolt—the man
That's sane, and who's not drunken with too much
Of knowledge—he'll straightway accuse thee of
Delirium tremens probably. And he

Will pity thee for being such a weak
And hopeless victim of illusions. Ah,
Illusions! They exist *always in some*
One else. The handy subterfuge are they
Of curst, conceited ignorance.
Good God! They come again! Green devils with red eyes.
And three-tined tails; and horned bogles squat,
Astride of slimy saurians, and snakes
With bifurcated cauda, and—(*sinks exhausted into a chair.*)

Doct.—Drink this.

(*He drinks, and after a space rallies.*)

Act.—Ah, yes, that helps, and that it helps doth prove
The truth of what I'd say. The atmosphere
Is crowded with what thou wouldst call microbes.
In *fact*, the air and earth, and we ourselves
Are swarming with strange beasts, and flying things.
The spirit of strong drink, condensed and packed
To a particular degree, exalts
Our senses until we are in direct
And visible relationship with all
The horrid crew. Not microbes they; ah, no,
But raging, writhing imps, and hell-bent things
Full grown, whose horror can not be described.
E'en now, e'en *now* (*shrinking and shuddering*) in swirling legions they
Swoop down—a damned phantasmagoria
Of infernal spooks, and sprites, and furies, all
Intwined with hissing serpents—Christ!
(*Strikes and parrys with an imaginary sword and at last drops—dead.*)

Doct.— And so
Endeth the brilliant promise, now so near
Fulfilled—a promise that once swelled with pride
The hearts of mother, and of father, 'nd sent
Sweet blushes gratulant, into a sister's cheeks,
When e'er 'twas coupled with his worshiped name.
His burning genius, turned at last from out
Its orbit, doth with quick investiture
Conceive a necessary theory,
And hugging this more closely to his heart

Than any histrionic dream—he dies.
How old this history, which with itself
E'er rhymes itself through sweeping cycles: Bright,
Adventurous hopes, supernal dreams lit up
With young life's iridescent imagery—
All wrecked as penalty for heedlessness.
Dead Clarence, fare thee well! Thy last, last role,
With tragedy enough, thou'st acted out.

THE BACHELOR'S QUANDARY.

I love Louise, I'm sure I do,
But how on earth to show it;
How in creation to contrive
A way to let her know it—
What language of the eyes to speak
When e'er the ducky meets me,
So she may know beyond all doubt
That I do love her, beats me.

I've called on her two several times,
Since first we got acquainted,
And shocked myself, the last time, bad—
She must have almost fainted—
By intimating that I thought,
In general proposition,
The sexes were designed to pair,
And loved by intuition.

I've studied books on etiquette,
And books on love made easy,
And military tactics too,
Long e'er I saw Louisa—
I've noticed with precisive care
The mien, and general carriage
Of sprigs, to whom it seemed but play
To pave the way to marriage;

I've read a million novelettes,
Including Beadle's series,
And pored for hours in rapt delight
O'er wondrous tales of fairies—
I've watched the moon, night after night,
When keen frosts set me quaking,
And vainly tried to steal from her
The secret of love-making.

But all the modes and theories
Derived from these resources,
Have failed me when I needed most
The help of extra forces;
And I have half concluded that,
For reasons plain to Fate,
It was not in Creation's plan
That I should conjugate.

THE JUMPIN' RACE.

BY JOHNNY.

Bill Grubbs, he's bigger'n me; 'at's why
He licks me w'en no one is by
To take my part. But tother day
I beat him good. "Les go an' play
Out'n the medder," I said, an' he
Wuz willin'. "Bet ye can't beat me
A jumpin'" I said; nen he said:
"Betcher I kin." "Thes come ahead,"
I said, an' nen I found a place
'At wuz thes boss fer a jumpin race.
He tuck a run an' jumpt his best,
An' lit 'na yeller-jacket's nest!"
Nen Bill, he didn't wait to see
Which win'd the race—him er me.

SHOULD IS SHALL.

In a dark, and a hard, and a primitive age,
An image-thought, roughly ideal,
Leapt out of the brain of a barbaric sage,
In search of its complement real.

And one after one, countless millions of times,
Since that epochal, far Then and There,
Ideals have flashed out in quest of their rhymes
In the actual, sometime, somewhere.

Of all of the strange, and the startling conceits,
Thrown out since that dim, distant yore,
Full many are lost in substantial repeats,
And are vag'ries, and visions no more.

Hypotheses, laughed at with scorn in the past,
Have advanced into theory's bound,
And thence into doctrines, becoming at last,
Modern maxims, demonstrably sound.

In the concourse of cosmic events, at the end,
The question's the answer's reply,
And reflected from somewhere in natural trend,
Is want, thrown back from supply.

In this tensive era, this strenuous now,
The cumulant questions of old,
And the puzzles of What? and the problems of How?
Are solved as the decades are told.

Each query that springs from the brain or the heart—
As analogies endless have taught—
Is only the answer's concomitant part,
And *Must* is the Echo of *Ought.*

That question which springeth for aye from the soul,
With its trembling hope, and its fear—
Shall't meet its response? shall the parts merge in whole?
Shall endless procession end here?

DIALECT POETRY.

The literary legitimacy of dialect poetry has been questioned. In this fact I find justification for this paper, in which it will be attempted to prove that dialect verse is entitled to a place in the realm of letters, only second to that occupied by unquestioned poetry. It is my purpose to be succinct, and to shun dreamy transcendentalisms which, whatever may be their peculiar charm, are logically misleading.

It is generally held that the accurate definition of poetry is impossible. The critics would have us think of it as a divine essence, derived partly from the object and partly from the subject. If we will drop sky-skimming and be practical, I am sure a definition of poetry will be found to be quite feasible. Referring the reader to the paper headed, "What is Poetry," I will simply state here that: Whether a spoken utterance or written passage is poetic or not, depends upon whether, or not, it appeals to the æsthetic sense; and whether, or not, it does this, depends upon the language used—not upon the thought back of it. There are no *thoughts* possible to the poet, which are not possible to the prosist. Furthermore, even as rippling, laughing music is still music; so humorous or witty verse may still be poetry. Has anyone the hardihood to claim that good dialect verse does not touch the æsthetic sense?

Generally, dialect poetry is to the legitimate what the picture of a lowly scene is to one of the Madonna, or some classic group. The one may discover exactly the same grade of genius in its creator as that exhib-

ited in the work of the other, but the first will awaken feelings very different from those called into play by the second. They are both pictures equal in artistic merit, but they differ in spiritual value. The one may excite holy emotions, as of pity or human sympathy, but there may enter into this emotional assembly elements of the ludicrous. There will be the bare-armed, red-haired nurse in some impossible posture, which was made to be by her frantic effort to rescue a falling child. A father with a horsey odor and patched pants will be there, and upon his rugged features will be written some heroic purpose or tender sentiment. The mother will be seen in five-cent calico, and the glory of a divinity which is possible to motherhood only. The small boy, with nothing on his feet but a stone-bruise, and nothing on his head but the brimless suggestion of a hat, will turn up a face lighted with the spice of deviltry and the holiness of innocence. This is the picture which brings into activity those feelings upon which depend human sympathy and kinship.

Take, on the other hand, a Madonna executed by the same master. In this there is not a trace of the light or frivolous. It is wholly beautiful and entirely spiritual. You see through that trustful, peaceful face clear into Heaven. While you look upon it you cannot laugh, although you may not sigh, and a witticism at such a time would jar harshly upon your soul—it would be a profanity. You are lifted into the atmosphere of a plane, fitly trodden by angels alone. This latter picture calls up feelings of a higher order than were those awakened by the former, but

the difference depends upon the subject—not upon inequality of skill, and *not* upon the circumstance that the first was not a picture, while the second was. They were both pictures, and in an artistic sense, were equally meritorious, but they had not equal supra-physical values.

So it is in poetry. In a dialect poem we have a section from real life, in which the deformities are not hidden. The hero of the poem may make his *debut* in the sentence: "I don't know philosophy, but I kin beat any man in the township crackin' a waggin whup;" but in this sentence you get a part of the man himself. It is not possible that we could have absorbed so much of him, if the poet had corrected and polished his language. Pretty word-painting and speech-tapestry, charming as they are in themselves, refine us out of touch with lowly means and methods. It is better for us, as it is for the humble, that we occasionally descend from our perches.

I do not forget that the humblest theme may be treated in legitimate verse, but I hold that in many cases it cannot receive full justice outside of the dialect form. The adoption of the mannerisms and speech peculiarities of our characters puts us *en rapport* with them as nothing else could. This will hardly be denied, and if not, it would appear that my task is successfully finished, for it is surely the purpose of any writer to make the substance of his theme the property of his reader.

There is a certain charm in dialect poetry which is peculiar. It depends upon a quality of heartiness, intrinsic to it alone. This is the product of a semi-

ludicrous edge which is specific to speech quaintness. What poet can, in "proper" language, duplicate the flavor of "When the Frost is on the Punkin," etc.? At the same time, as great a degree of tenderness, sweetness and pathos is possible to it, as to the legitimate. It seems to lack only in dignity, scholasticism and stateliness, and the very sweetest soul experiences are easily possible without these elements.

It is well to remember that there is genuine and spurious dialect poetry. Only that is genuine in which the spelling is correct, and which is, in fact, the dialect of the class to which it is attributed. The best expositor in the world, of Hoosier dialect, is James Whitcomb Riley. He is entitled to be called its discoverer, for although verse in it had been attempted by others before he arose, no other poet has written so much of it, nor written it so well. And right here is a crowning argument for my cause. Riley, who is a poet and even a great poet, writes dialect verse. and he has told me that while composing a dialect poem, he is, so far as he can judge, under the same divine pressure as when creating a legitimate one.

Dialect poetry has a mission in the world. It satisfies a want as truly as does the legitimate. Besides giving variety to literature, it answers questions of the soul, which could be answered through no other medium. Dialect verse is as certainly a part of legitimate literature as the humbler classes are certainly a part of our whole population.

OLE BOB GRIGGS.

I reckon you've heerd of Ole Bob Griggs
Of Miamer? You haint?
Well, I'm danged! W'y, he's lived h-yer
Fer—well, I railly caint
Jes' zackly say. Les see—when they
Wuz diggin' the canawl—
Yes, then's the time, jes' forty year,
This very comin' Fall.

I ricollect he hed a fight,
The very night he come,
With long John Werter. John got smart
An' sassed him some, he did,
'Bout politics. Whuch whupped? Well, *Jim*,
Fer you to ast that ther,
When you wuz borned in this township,
An' allus lived 'round h-yer!

But, stranger, *you* wuz talkin' 'bout
Bull-headed men. I guess
Ef you wuz with Bob, jes' a hour
You'd learn more backfulness
'En you could stow away. W'y Bob
Th'ows out at ever breath
'Nough stubberness to stock a mule—
Jes' *stubbern* you to death.

W'y, sir, Merriar—'at's his wife—
Sez he won't never do
Nothin' forards 'thout you ast
Him back'ards, an' 'at's true.
Jes' *loves* wrong-eendedness: the most
Contrariest man, I think
On yerth. Caint coax him, bit more'n you
Kin coax a hoss to drink.

Most the fish he ketches, when he goes,
He pulls out by ther tail,
An' he allus, when he goes a huntin'
Jes' takes the back'ard trail.

Most offishist man 'at ever lived:
You dasn't argy a bit—
He'll lick you, ef you don't give in,
An' 'at's the eend of hit.

He tuck his licker straight, 'at's true,
An' soaked his dratted hide
To suit the sloonist, an' outcussed
Us all, ef he half tried,
But all o' this, he done with sech
A air of stubberness
'At we'd hev jes' as lief 'at he'd
Hev skipped the hull dern mess.

Jined church, Bob did, to beat the devil,
Cause the preacher'd said,
'At Satan had him 'thout no need
O' him a bein' dead.
An' strick—we dasn't cheap a oath
Fore Bob! The same ole trait—
He's stubberner ner jes' a mule,
'At's in cahoots with fate!

HAD HER FORTIN' TOLD.

I'm not sech a overly oldish-like gyrl,
An' I hain't went much out in sassiety.
I haint never travelled much over the worl',
But I *think* 'at I know what's perpriety.

I haint never studied no French, an' don't know
How to play onto airy pianer, ner draw,
But when't comes to milkin', I aint very slow,
An' fer washin' an' bakin' I'm ekal to maw.

They haint many gyrls 'at hez hed, like I've hed,
Sech a dreadful, and tryin' uxperience with ther feller,
An' it all come about frum a liftin' the led
Clean off'n the futer, by a good fortin' teller.

Some folks is so ignernt, an' soft-like an' green,
'At they don't quite bleve fortin' tellers foresee;
I guess ef they'd went through all I did, an' seen
What I did, they'd change an' would bleve, same as me.

I went with my pop to the village one day,
An' he sole a hoss, nen got full to the brim,
An' a friend went an' tuck all his money away,
An' gev it to me to take keer of fer him.

Thinks I, "Now's my time—I allus craved so
Fer to jes' have my fortin' tole; this is my chaince."
An' I went to a seer at the hotel below,
Which his name is De Leppert, an' he is frum Fraince.

I paid him the doller'n edvance, frum pop's roll;
Then he tuck holt my han' with a quiet-like smile,
Nen all on a suddent, he said: "Bless my soul!
Yer the luckiest gyrl, I've seen fer *one* while.

"Very soon, yes, prehaps in a hour you'll meet
The man 'at is destined to be your dear feller—
He's handsome, an' rich, an' his smile it is sweet,
An' he wears a plug hat an' a green silk umbreller."

An' shore 'nough I met him—'twas at the depot,
An' he'd had his fortin' tole too, fer he said:
"De Leppert was right, an' it mus' jes' be so—
She fills the hull bill frum her feet to her head."

Nen he made love to me an' I hendered him not,
Cause I know'd it was right, an' hed all been presaged,
An' he slipped on my finger a ring 'at he'd brought,
Nen said: "This will show 'at us two is ingaged."

Nen he rassled me roun' in his new-born delight,
An' hugged till I thought he would hug me to death,
An' he kissed, an' kissed me with all of his might—
Oh, he kissed tell I scacely could breathe any breath!

A train whustled closte, an' with sweet meltin' eyes,
He gazed on me. Takin' the ring back again,
"I'll hev our names kyarved on this, dear Sary Lize,"
He said, nen jumped on the step o' the train.

When I got to my home my money wuz gone,
An' how I could lost it, I hev no idee,
But I said: "Never mind—don't worry none;
My lovyer is rich, an' he'll pay pop fer me.

But he hain't never come, and I'm fear'd 'at he's dead—
My dear, sweet Alfonser, 'at loved me so good,
An' I grieve, an' I pine tell I'm out of my head,
An' I wusht I could die, an' I would ef I could.

Yes, some is so awfully ignernt an' green,
'At they don't quite bleve fortin' tellers foresee;
I guess ef they'd went th'ough all I did, an' seen
All I hev, they'd change, an' would bleve, same as me.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

NOTE.—This was written in competition with a couple of doggerel grinders who had contributed a couple of "pomes" (on the same subject) to a village paper).

I.

The locomotive is a rapid thing—
It flies along on a rapid wing.
Nothing its velocity can scarcely restrain—
It rushes along with might—likewise with main.

II.

Nothing in the world is a prettier sight
Than to hear one thundering along at night—
The sparks fly right—they also fly left,
And the locomotive never gets out of breath.

III.

Woe unto the cows which on the track remain,
When the iron horse comes with its rattling train;
Ten chances to one they'll all get freighted
To another world by being eviscerated.

IV.

The iron horse no pity ever shows;
He is utterly devoid of love and things like those,
But though he hasn't any sense, or anything of the kind,
The engineer he knows exactly how to make him mind.

V.

The locomotive was invented many years ago
By a man who was tired of riding slow;
We ought to all join in giving him praise
For inventing an article so useful in these days.

VI.

But, Mr. Editor, my muse shows signs of exhaustion
And I must drop for the present this pleasant discussion,
Hoping to hear again from some one in this mix,
I thus respectfully close my verses six.

CINCINNATAIRE.

Ah, beg pardon—did you ask me, dear saire,
What I think of the city of Cincinnataire?
I'll tell you, and tell you the truth, bon mistaire.
I've visited Boston, New York, Baltimaire.
And Brooklyn, New Orleans, and Philadelphaire;
St. Louis and Cleveland, and San Franciscaire—
I've braced 'gainst Chicago's wet, wild atmosphaire;
Lived in London, Berlin, and Paris so faire—
In fact I have been almost everywhaire,
But for bus'ness that's genuine, steady and squaire;
For wealth that is not in your mind, but is thaire;
For beautiful suburbs, and health-giving aire;
For true social upness, with nothing bizaire;
For men who are solid, upright, debonaire,
And women who're gentle and sweet as they're faire;
For a feel-at-home place, where the people don't caire
So much about show, so you're honest and squaire;
For these, and many more things, my dear saire,
Commend me forever to Cincinnataire.

LATENT FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

The mind possesses latent or potential qualities, whose ultimate expression defies earth-life comprehension. We catch vivid and startling hints of the soul's omnipotent connections through phenomena that call into immediate perception psychic glints which can depend upon scarcely less than omniscience. In proportion as this expedient body is separated from our real self-hoods, our untrammelled egos play themselves into their clarified scope.

There is a phenomenon recognized by all physio-psychologists called "unconscious cerebration." The phrase has not even the merit of being harmlessly unmeaning, for it conveys the impossible idea of one being at the same time absent and present. Cerebration is included *in* consciousness, if it is not a part of it. The more occult psychic phenomena point to the conclusion that the brain is merely the connecting link between our proper selves and our physical environments. This is not regulation philosophy, but it has the merit of being supported by acknowledged facts, which the standard has not. *We* sift into the world *through* our brains, and *we* are infinitely superior *to* our brains. According to the philosophy of our thought-leading biologists, including Tyndall, Spencer *et al.*, our *brains* are supreme and *we* are its products. All the differences of primitive personalities depend upon peculiarities of the final relationship of histogenetic ultimates! The mistake made is to apply to the soul the conditions which control gross matter. The peculiarities of

sugar-water do depend upon the maple tree's ultimate structure, but sugar-water is always the same. *Human* bile would be impossible without that aggregation of matter which composes our bodies, and human bile is always the same. The same laws control our bodies that control all vitalized matter, but these are all conservative, and relate to life-saving purposes and perpetuity of the species. There is no known law conservative of mental perpetuity, theories of hygienists and alienists to the contrary notwithstanding. The mind *can not* fail—its external manifestations can and do, through failure of its medium of expression. To admit that mind can fail is to acknowledge matter's superiority to it, and this is to contradict the evidence of our existence. There can be no comparisons instituted in the case because of the essential and radical difference between mind and matter, and this depends upon the mind's superiority to it, and its capacity for true apperception.

But these are mere arguments in favor of a highly plausible theory. The latent powers and marvellous reserve capabilities of the mind have been proven millions of times. When we go to sleep we retire into ourselves, while our physical servant, the body, rests and recuperates. What amazing psychic experiences we may have on the inner side of the subjective-objective veil during external unconsciousness can not even be guessed at. Occasionally when the physical medium is intact and actively responsive, some of the manifestations of our egos in whole, under favoring conditions, will flash out into our

every-day consciousness. Thus, while asleep, some one will discharge a gun close by. In half a second we are wide awake, but between the instant when the gun's report reached our sensorium, and we exchanged the sleeping for the waking state, say one-fourth of a second, an elaborate dream is evolved, one whose beginning and end compassed a long series of events and weeks or months of time, the whole train having a logical connection with the gun's report. Without the report, the dream would not be consistent—it suggested and ended this dream which, if fully written out, would make a story which it would require an hour to read. All this in a fourth of a second.

When the sound reached the thought center it found the mind all, or nearly all to itself, unoccupied in functionating referably to the demands of the body. In the intensity of its integrity it evolved, in the quarter of a second, what it would have required hours, perhaps, to elaborate under conditions which, in conservation of physical existence and normal relationships, exacted diverse offices of the mind.

This astounding energy of *insulated consciousness* is also exemplified in that class of cases which our scientists improperly call "unconscious cerebration." Violent happenings, like drowning or other imminent peril which drives the mind in upon itself, also illustrate it. In these instances, a whole life will be minutely reviewed in the space of a fraction of a second. It almost amounts to annihilation of time, and is strongly suggestive of that infinity of intelligence to which the past and future is an eternal *now*.

Hypnotism and telepathy which are now undoubted facts, depend upon the projectile energy of nearly insulated consciousness. The actuator, owing to a peculiar power of self-containment, is enabled to partially insulate his mentality, and in this tense condition the *will* expression of his ego is capable of sympathetically impressing a distinct and other will-force. The fact that mental energy increases in an even ratio with its increasing independence of fleshly connections, certainly makes it look as if the ego is a distinct and permanent entity. Professor Lloyd in his wonderful book, *Etidorpha*, very effectively and beautifully treats this mental phase.

Terminally to this line of facts, comes a possible theory which, I should think, would be only more gracious than startling to hard doubters. It is this: That at the supreme moment of dissolution, when mental and physical dissociation takes place, the soul experiences *eternity*. If it can compress time so marvellously when hampered by the body, what could it not do when entirely, or all but freed from this hindrance?

Another theory is derivable from these mighty psychic facts, that: This life is but a momentary expression incident to the eternal life of our astral selves. The psychic aside experiences we have here and now, would be as dreams within dreams, only further demonstrating the vast, unimagined resources and possibilities of the human soul.

GOD'S WILL BE DONE.

A light upon her brow—an effluence
Interpretable only to the soul;
It spoke in sweet and restful eloquence
Of one, by Jesus' graciousness made whole.
And there she lay—my Eveline, my bud
Of innocence. Her cheeks, where blushes played
But yesterweek, were losing, shade by shade,
The ruddy ensign of youth's bounding blood,
For she was dying now. She whisper'd me
As, crushed by woe, I sobbed a prayer, and fell
Upon my knees: "Don't weep Papa—I see
The beck'ning hand of God, and all is well."
For *her* sweet sake my quiv'ring white lips said:
"God's will be done," and, and—my child was dead.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

"Oh, what is the spirit of beauty?" I cried
In a passionate, puzzled despair,
As I gazed in the skies on a sweet eventide,
And thought of the mysteries there.

That instant a fragrance fell over the night,
And an essence ineffably sweet
Absorbed me and flashed out in wildering flight
Toward farness's furthest retreat.

Out, out through vast vistas, in shimmering haze
Of scintillant star-dust, I whirled;
Through radiant ripples of astrean rays,
And past pulsing world after world.

Past galaxies gemmed with bright orbs, as I spun
Like light through ethereal seas;
Past ebulant, emerald sun after sun
And past the far "Sweet Pleiades."

On, on, out in planet-isled space till, at last,
A crystalline bound burst in sight
With star-circled portal, high-vaulted and vast,
All glowing in iridal light.

And I caught, in the instant the gates sprang ajar,
The glimpse of a glittering throng,
And there fell on my hearing from hosts, near and far,
The refrain of a triumphant song.

'Twill haunt me forever, through pleasure and pain—
That song from Away and Above,
With its sweet, and its solemn and sacred refrain:
The spirit of beauty is love!

SCIENTIFIC LESSONS.

It must be accepted as a cardinal fact that, to one who is normal in all his relationships, no scientific truth can be repellent. This would seem to prove that almost none of us are in perfect harmony with that portion of nature which is objectively related to us.

To nearly all of us, in our present intellectual and emotional status, many scientific facts are hard, severe, almost appalling. This science, upon which hangs the very consistency of nature, rudely snatches from us the warm, sweet illusions of the past, and replaces them with cold, rigorous, blasting facts—blasting because disenchanting, and not sympathetically related to us as we now are.

It is humiliating and chilling to the poetic enthusiast, for instance, to have to see finally that poetry

inheres in the mode of presenting a thought, and not in the thought itself. In the start he has transcendental theories about the "divine afflatus," etc., but later he learns, under urgent protest, that any thought, with its most delicate shadings, may be expressed in prose; and that, whether it becomes poetic or not, depends upon whether it can be so presented as to touch the æsthetic sense. An attempt to translate poetry into another language will convince him, if nothing else will. And articulate and written language are man-created.

A thought, too high-born and fine to be expressed by the pen or tongue, may be translated to canvass or marble and there fixed. It may be a composite concept, holding a vital truth, or a transcription of ideal beauty, or both; but there it is, made resident in inanimate matter. Driven in upon ourselves by the deep, inexplicable significances of this mystery, we exclaim, scarcely less piteously than helplessly: "What is thought?" We had been superficially feeling all along that it is essentially a psychic constituent, intrinsically ours, and necessarily inseparable from us. With floods of thought perpetually flowing in upon our understandings from all inanimate and animate nature, we have been blind to the truth, and the disillusionizing disturbance of our self-involvement painfully startles us.

The crowning disturber of our self-complacency and our peace is the phonograph. Have you learned the lesson of this scientific new-comer? It proves to us that the human voice, with all its divine (?) possibilities, is the product of a mere mechanical device.

Did a part of the magnetism and generous warmth of Abraham Lincoln's nature flavor his voice? Do sweetening portions of Patti's soul go into her trills and cadences? Did the ineffable essence of spiritual beauty and world-compassing love thrill through Christ's voice?—all could have been accurately caught and fixed in—wax! If this heartless machine merely reproduced the stark, physical voice, and was incapable of catching those psychic shadings, those supreme subtleties that make and individualize the ego, it would not seem so disheartening.

That these things are disagreeable to us, seems a portentous fact. To know they are right—and we can't help knowing that—is to know we are wrong. What are invention and discovery going to do for us? Will they finally solve the riddle of existence, and will they keep on stripping us of our self-containment and unctuosity till we come to see ourselves, at last, as naked, inconsequential automatons—the matter-of-fact sequences of matter-of-fact natural processes?

To the unprepared, there is a shudder in every letter of every word of that question. The fact is, however, that the seemingly dreadful aspects of scientific revelations are truths, glorious with God's certainty, and luminous with immortal promise.

The voice is only a temporal expedient. It is the servant of our proper selves, even as the artist's brush or burin is. The power of the soul to project its distinctive elements through physical media to other souls, is the very strongest argument there can be in favor of its possible independence of the body. This

power is illustrated with the most startling force by the genii board, for here the magnetism of feeling may be entirely eliminated, and a projection of pure intellect be accomplished. The language of the soul is not articulate speech, although its conservative elements may be translated into it. The thought or feeling carried in a glance, or smile, or sigh, or strain of music, or particular quality of beauty, is not expressible in speech. The soul is provided with a language of its own, but only a limited portion of its vocabulary is utilized in Time. It is fully equipped for extra-bodily intercourse.

Potential intelligence exists in everything external to our selfhoods—in these it is kinetic. It has been said, "Everything has a thought behind it." It would be true to say, "Everything has a thought within it." This is a reciprocal necessity. God talks to us through our whole environment, for God's language, and the language of our souls are the same.

Science is the cold-fact part of God's essence, and its unfoldment is at once discovering to us God and ourselves. To those in whom perfect trust and deathless hope abide, the revealings of science can not be repellently shocking. Thus we see that without reference to those scriptural assurances which Christians accept as divine truths, we are in direct communion with God, and are absorbing the promise of immortality as we breathe. The evidences of a future existence, seen in all nature, are so positive and unmistakable, that to doubt this mighty fact is to compass self-stultification, which is to transcend the possible.

ETIDORHPA.

(Dedicated in fraternal amenity to John Uri Lloyd.)

Have you seen it—seen that picture?
Oh, its beauty fills your eyes,
And it fills your yearning spirit
Till it more than satisfies;
Till it surfeits with its sweetness
As the honey does the bee;—
Have you seen it—seen the picture
That has so enraptured me?

Oh, the form is sculptured music,
As your eager soul will see
In the ravishing revealings
Of this chiseled symphony;
And the pose will hypnotize you
With a strange and startling sense
Of the sweetness of the sermon
Of unconscious innocence.

'Tis the picture of a maiden,
With the sunlight in her hair
Breaking ever into jewels
As it glints and glitters there;
And there's sweet supernal hintings
In the deeps of dreamful eyes
That were caught from starlit vistas
In the spaces of the skies.

And the brow's a bank of moonlight,
And the cheeks—they make you think
Of sweet lilies dipped in sunset
With their flames of pearly pink,

And the lips—no verbal music
Will their witcheries reveal,
With their imminence of kisses
Fit for gods to try to steal!

Have you seen it—seen the picture
That has so enraptured me
With its infinite expression
Of enchanting mystery?
Not until this image-chanson
Shall electrify your soul
May you learn the final lesson
Of Love's uttermost control.

RHYMIC JIM-JAMS.

The gnattest gnat that gnats
Is just the "nattiest" gnat,
And the sprattest sprat that sprats
Is the scaliest, finniest sprat.

The skeetest skeeter that skeets
Is the skeeter with longest bill,
He'll keep you under the sheets
Or bite till he gets his fill.

The froggest frog that frogs
Is the greenest croakiest frog,
And the woggest wog that wogs
Is the polliest pollywog.

The whalest whale that whales
Is the utmost whaliest whale,
And the snailest snail that snails
Is the leisureliest snail.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They have forced the door of various creeds to let His Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day—for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was! *Won't somebody rise and tell?*

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sows wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who, just now, is doing the work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about like a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil by a unanimous vote is no-where to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—[*From American Medical Journal for November*, 1895.

THE DEVIL.

No, "men don't believe in the devil now, like their fathers used to do,"
Nor do they believe in witch-craft, nor in ghosts and their eerie crew;
They've quit believing in vengeance, and hate, and the scathing rod
As the emblems of the sovereignty, and the glory of our God.

If the devil is "mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,"
And God created him just for this, then isn't it rather plain
That God is "blighting the bloom of the land with the fiery breath of hell?"
For if not God, then who is it? Won't some one rise and tell?

For, what could the puny devil do, without the approving nod
Of Him who made him, and set him to work—the awful omnipotent God?
Could he "dog the steps of the toiling saint," in his fight for future bliss,
If God didn't want him to do this thing? Will some one answer this?

Alas! the infinite littleness of the jarring creeds of man,
Endowing a myth with the power to thwart God's great, beneficent plan;
Construing the effects of outraged law, on the body or soul within,
To be the work of the devil, and done *alone for the sake of sin!*

The breath of the new evangel hath dissolved the dreadful ban,
Placed erst by superstition's God on helpless, hopeless man;
And fear of the devil holds us now no more in its baleful spell,
For tears of joy, o'er a *loving* God, have "*put out the fires of hell.*"

THE PICNIC.

From my earliest boyhood I was fond of watching the actions of the scarabaens, or tumble-bugs. This bug, on account of his groveling tastes, is looked upon with more or less contempt by his human brother. But if he is less refined in gastronomic predilections than some other bugs, he is more useful, for he is an industrious scavenger. He does not know that he is a scavenger, and is therefore happy. There was a demand for him in the universe, else he had never been. He is therefore entitled to the respect of the best of us.

The bug made such an impression on my young mind that I once slopped over rhymically on his account. I was twelve years old when I wrote the rhymes. I had forgotten all about it till the other day, when in rummaging through some old papers, I found it among my boyish archives. Naturally, it has, for me, a kind of classic tang about it. I am not sure it will impress my older readers. I am dead certain it will interest twelve year old boys. Here it is:

Ez I wuz goin' down the lane
All on a summer's day,
I spied beneath a big dock leaf
Some shiny bugs at play;
I stoop-ed down and watch-ed them
Fer quite a length of while,
In hopes I might learn somethin' frum
These creachers of the sile.

They seem-ed to enjoy theirselfs
Onto the last degree,
An' play-ed at ther varis sports
In happy buggish glee.

No doubt they wuz a havin'
A innercent picnic
To strenthen buggish sympathy
An' make its pulses quick.

Some of them wuz a scufflin
Like rough boys oftin does,
An' some wuz playin' hide and seek
With many a gleeful buzz;
An' some wuz playin' marvel
By rollin' of a ball
More'n twict ez big ez their own selfs—
'Twant like boys plays at all.

An' some wuz promenadin' round
An' smilin at each other,
An' buzzin' sweetly jes ez if
They liked to be together,
An' as I bent my head closte down
To watch two passin' by,
I seed a she bug blush a blush
An' heerd her sigh a sigh.

An' thus they wuz enjoyin' therselves
Ez best did suit their tast-es
An' not suspectin' any harm
Frum any other beast-es,
When all a suddent, oh! alas!
A black snake on 'em pounced,
An' without any warnin', gob-
Bled them all up to onct!

MORAL.

They's harm kennected with picnics,
Er may be so kennected,
An' consekently none should go,
No odds how well pertected,
The vipers an' the black snakes
Which lives on reputations,
Is most ez likely to be there
Ez in life's other stations.

IDEALISM AND THE NATURE OF MIND.

The idealism of the Hindoos, without doubt, represents the most rational form of that doctrine there is, or ever was. It must be a fact that there is no conceivable objection to the theory, which they have not faithfully considered and disposed of. The last conclusion of their philosophy is that nothing exists but mind, and they do not tell us what mind is.

It is competent for the humblest individual to have views on these subjects, and they *may* be as nearly correct as those of the *sarants*, so far as proofs can go. It is not such an audacious thing then for an ordinary, every-day man to express himself on the subject. This ought to clear the way for so obscure an individual as myself.

There exist arguments against the doctrine of pure idealism which I have never seen brought forward. There is a possible theory as to the nature of mind, which I have never seen urged by a class of philosophers. But "there is nothing new under the sun," so it is past doubt that my notions on these subjects have careered through the brains of thousands of men. They are original with *me*, however, according to my knowledge, and that excuses me to *myself*, at least, for presenting them.

As to objectivity and subjectivity: Shut off all avenues to the thought-center from birth, in a child, i. e., destroy its five senses, and this insulated being could *never* think. It could not think, because, to *it*, there would be nothing to think about. It could not even be conscious, because it would have nothing to

be conscious *with*, and besides, there would exist no natural excuse for consciousness in this case. This being would exist in the same sense as that in which a vegetable does, but in no other.

The possibility of consciousness, and therefore, of intellect, and consequently of emotion, depends upon things external to self, so to call it. The *fact* is, the very ego depends for existence upon the outer world. The normal brain contains the basis of an intellectual center which is in more or less direct relation with all the rest of the universe. The possibility of the rest of the universe depends upon this intellectual center. Reciprocally, the possibility of this intellectual center depends upon the rest of the universe. One is complementary to the other. If there were nothing to think about, there could be no thought; if thought were impossible, there could be nothing to think about. *The doctrine therefore, that nothing exists except objectively, seems at least as reasonable as that nothing exists except subjectively.*

As to mind: It is a rational theory that mind is the last refinement of matter, and that this sublimed matter pervades the universe. By an inevitable process of differentiation and segregation, an intellectual capital came to be. This great mental center is the human brain. In "dumb matter," mentality exists potentially—in the brain, kinetically. The *necessity* of reciprocity makes latent mentality responsive to manifest mind. This is the only hypothesis that will account for the inter-relationship of mind and matter. There could, otherwise, be no coalition between the two; neither could absorb the other. That there is

an interchange of mental molecules between grosser matter and mind is past doubt.* It has been said that everything has a thought behind it. It would be the truth to say that everything has a thought *within it.* The thought that has been translated into a picture and fixed there, is capable of exchanging molecules with the mind. The balance is preserved by the law of natural conservatism. So far as that is concerned, it could supply the subjective demand without limit and practically forever, without exhaustion. Think of the possibilities of so gross a thing as musk in this respect, and you will readily understand it.

The theory of the mind's materiality is the only one that will explain, so far as they are explainable, the various occult phenomena which are facts. That the mind *is* material is as susceptible of demonstration as one of Euclid's propositions. Thus, love is a mental manifestation, for without mind there could be no love. Love is not a *state* of consciousness, unless "state," in this connection, is susceptible of *increase* and *diminution.* You can love Mary *more* than you love Ann, which would be impossible if love is merely a state, i. e., an abstraction, i. e., *nothing.* Abstraction (nothing) can not be multiplied nor divided, can not be added to, nor taken from. An abstraction does not *do* things, can neither act nor be acted upon. Love *does* things. It is capable of action and reaction. This is possible to substances only. No sane person will deny that, other things being equal, the death of ten persons causes just ten times as much grief as does

*The reader, remembering its everlasting patness, will forgive the frequent iteration of this allusion.

the death of one person. All sane and reasonable people *must agree* that this could not be the case, if grief is not a substance. They *have* to admit it unless they hold that *something* and *nothing* are identical. This would be self-contradiction, which is impossible. The intellect, the emotions, the passions, pain, etc., are all substantial manifestations. How could they otherwise affect or even abolish the functions of various organs, notably that of the heart? Many a person has been startled into convulsions, frightened into insanity, or shocked to death by bad news. This non-integrative intelligence, falling upon the integrative, starts a conflict in the economy which ends disastrously or not, according to the relative volumes of these opposing forces. And realize too, as you go along, that force is a substantial manifestation. Additionally to the crowning fact that it can not be *thought* of as anything else, there are scores of resistless arguments confirmatory of this. I challenge any philosopher living to logically demolish the foregoing argument relative to the materiality of mind.

The mind, being material, cannot apprehend any *thing* (so to call it) which is not material itself. We talk about spirit, but we cannot *think* of it except as being a *thing*. If it is not material, it is properly *no*-thing—nothing, and therefore unthinkable. "Nothing" is negativeness, and the meaning of negativeness can get into our understandings through the interposition of materiality alone. If matter grosser than the mind did not exist, the signification of negativeness, and all other so-called abstractions, such as terms

and names, could not be. Cerebration is substantial and can be related to the substantial alone. We talk of space, but cannot *think* of it. There is no space. What we think of as space has boundaries—a quality of matter. Every part of the universe is occupied. That which we habitually call space is distance. It is all taken up with tenuous forms of matter, such as air, gases, ether, etc. The ultimate molecule of ether is surrounded by and contains *something*—a form of matter attenuated to a refinement which is in apposition with infinity. *There is no void.*

There is nothing belittling or humiliating in the theory that the mind is material.* This sublimal essence is indistinguishable from the infinite, being immeasurably beyond our present power of comprehension. So far as that is concerned, is not the lowest, coarsest form of matter, of which we have any knowledge, as sacred and near to God as any other? It cannot be denied that it is. The soul, instead of being an intangible figment, is matter, indestructible and eternal. As such it holds the potency and promise of perpetuity as an entity. The vacuous *idea*, theologically entitled spirit, is a mere term, whose philological existence, even, depends upon matter. The term is not the ideal transcript of any immateriality that does or can exist. *There is nothing but matter.*

*I use "mind" as a term representative of the ego. Those fine, but very vague and nebulous differentiations, necessary to a consistent bible theology. I disregard, using the terms mind, soul and spirit interchangeably. It is mentality that makes consciousness possible, and self-consciousness is entitativeness. Mind includes all and is therefore the ego.

OUR EDIE.

[Written when my daughter, Edith, was two years old.

Our Edie's a wee, wee toddler,
With love-lit and wondering eyes,
With ringlets of goldenest sunshine
And cheeks of the rosiest dies;
She's a sweet and perpetual wonder,
An animate flutter of glee:
A radiant gem in our household—
A crystallized smile is she.

A waif is our Edie from heaven,
The light of that glorious sphere
Still shining throughout all her nature,
As love-light illumines a tear:
Our baby's a marvel of cuteness;
A prodigy—yea she's a feat;
Indeed, she's a real phenomenon
Of everything pretty and sweet.

The result of my wife's calculation,
All of which, by the way, I endorse,
May briefly be stated as follows:
(Just naming the generals, of course.)
Our baby's the preciousest baby,
The cutest cherubicest bun;
The lovingest, playfulest infant—
The pricelessest under the sun.

Before our wee ruler was given us,
We wondered continually how
A parent could ever "put up with"
A child, and its unceasing row;
But now the perplexing conundrum
That puzzles myself and my wife,
Is, how on earth babyless people
Do manage to worry through life.

A PICTURE IN REMINISCENCE.

Back through a mist of years, and tears—
Through a desolate tangle of hopes, and fears,
I see, like a star in its depths serene,
The radiant face of my lost Ethline—
My innocent, lost Ethline.

And too, from out the dreamy past, oft floats to me, that plaintive, reedy assonance that bore her ready thoughts, or bursts of wanton glee. What poet-sculptor's loftiest concept had God realized in her, or had she been translated from her native heaven to earth?

And this is not o'er-wrought, for all along the shores of life are here, and there, the actualized ideals of earth's sweetest dreamers—so disposed, as beacons to us coarser ones. What myriads of worldlets may there be throughout the interstellar deeps, but we see only those that talk to us in splintered light. So, may not the angels see, at least, the soul-light of these favored ones?

'Twas on a restful eve in June, and I had strolled far down the river's shore, in careless wantonness. For all that I could know, no special influence directed me, but who shall read the riddles, or the modes of Fate?

Gaining a wooded eminence, something—a zephyr, as it were, from heaven—floated in upon my consciousness. 'Twas more than music—it was music sweetened with the dreaminess of some old, half-forgot romance. But, drawing nearer to a leafy copse, its definition cleared, and I could hear the

warblings of an alto flute, intwining with a voice that seemed as borrowed from a seraph, and supporting these, the vibrant harmony of a guitar.

And that ecstatic moment, as I stood atremble, with bared head and hungry, eager eyes! Its imprint marks my soul, e'en yet.

The war between my wildly throbbing heart, and prim convention, soon was o'er, and who shall doubt the issue? Heart philosophy takes little heed of that profane convenience—propriety; and so, with stammering step, and many a pang of self-misdoubt, I stumbled on, until, emerging from a clump of chaparral, I saw her there—Ethline, and—her lover?

Ah, what peculiar, verbal melody shall paint the glory of her loveliness? Her beauty held that Attic, subtle sweetness which the poet's pen and painter's brush are ever reaching for, but which they never reach; that tender far-away celestialism, which forever staggers understanding and enslaves the soul.

And he, that man? He bore the seal of native royalty: for gentle dignity, and quiet bravery, and high nobility were writ upon his brow and form and shone in every lineament. And I—I could have killed him for't.

My awkward, hesitant apology was met with easy, cultured grace, and then he said: "Sister and I come here sometimes to serenade the birds."

"Sister"—I could have worshipped him for saying that, and so with bounding heart, I said: "I would I were a bird."

Laughing, she said: "You shall be one in that lone sense, if't pleases you."

And so we talked thus lightly with our tongues, while e'er between our words, and through our eyes, and mantling cheeks, deep meanings flashed.

I'd loved Ethline since conscious earth-life had begun—yea, loved her in some far prenatal period, mayhap; and she had loved me e'en the same; so, meeting thus, had only placed the seal of confirmation on our love.

The brother, through his deep insight, quick understood our case, and with a gracious ingenuity made us to feel his sympathy.

* * * * * * *

A year had spent itself upon the universe, and soon Ethline and I were to be wed.

Fresh from the college halls where men are trained to heal the sick, I felt secure in means to mere material end, and yearned with glowing hope, for that eclipsing moment when Ethline should be my own in law, as well as love.

Upon the eve which happily was to have been inwoven with our joyous nuptials, Ethline fell ill. 'Twas only an ephemeral and slight malaise, the consequence of o'er-strained nerves, perhaps.

I hurried to her side, and with fresh-graduate enthusiasm, administered some medicine.

Just then, one of the ladies called me to another room to show me my Ethline's trousseau, and all the banks, and beautiful festoons, and fit designs in fresh, sweet flowers. And through it all there ran bright quips and sparkling repartee, and bursts of silvery laughter, I being central to these verbal missiles,

intermixed with sympathetic glances and assurances. Oh, blissful hour, when all of sweetness, and of light, and altruistic beauty fell in glowing warmth about me there!

Some pleasantry had set us all in boisterous merriment, when suddenly the door was opened, and a visage, white as death, appeared—the scared, blanched face of Ethline's brother. With trembling hand, he beckoned me.

I flew with him to where my darling lay—my sweet Ethline, upon whose dampening brow, and in whose wondrous, fading eyes, already God had written: "Come."

All dazed and stunned, I stood in quaking speechlessness, till Ethline signified, she'd be alone with me.

They all retired, and then—a flood of wordless love and tenderness, sweet beaming from her eyes—she said: "'Twas a mistake, dear Love—your first—oh, may it be your last! 'Tis now too late for remedy. Don't blame yourself—it is as God had willed. Our union is postponed—that's all. Now swear to me, you'll lock this secret in your bosom for two score of years, and I can welcome death."

Low bending on my knees, I swore.

To-day's the last one of those tedious, tearful years, and, freed thus from my sacred pledge, I give the world this bit of history.

Yes, back through a mist of years and tears, I see my Ethline yet—a radiant, never-fading star in Time's recedent depths.

CLEVES.*

I spose they is some suckers lives,
'At positively b'lieves
They haint no tougher place on yerth,
Than jes' our town of Cleves.
I know I've seed men of that sort
In sooburbs where, prehaps,
They haint no s'loons to speak of, and
No rough-an'-tumble scraps.

Cleves hez her s'loons, an' fellers too,
'At soaks their hides till they
Are drunker than biled owls sometimes,
But that is jes *their* way.
She hez her churches likewise an'
Her schools; an' these yer boons
Is might'-nigh paternized as well
As any of the s'loons.

Taint all in wearin' galluses an' socks,
An' shirts 'at's split behind,
An' all-wool pants, an' shiney hats,
An' weskits 'at's silk-lined,
An' reel linen cuffs, instid
Of celleloid, an' collar
'At reaches to the years, 'nen usin' talk
'At's fitten fer a scholar!

Cleves may be sort 'o rough outside,
But when you reach the core,
You bet she's meller 'nough. They aint
No town 'at will do more
To he'p when they is need. Jest turn
Her inside out long side
Of toney towns turned outside in—
You'll find she aint no snide.

*The Ohio metropolis in which the author resides.

MY FIRST LOVE.

It all happened when I was too young to see the under side of practical jokes. It seems that I was even too tender in years to properly estimate the force and pungency of first love. As for that matter, it actually appears that there were several things I didn't understand yet, including certain phases of girl nature.

Jennie Hampton, besides being mercilessly pretty, was an own cousin of mine. To these advantages she added extreme vivacity, and a set of dainty mannerisms which would have made her resistless, even if she had been plain, and not my cousin. Furthermore, she was as full of mischief as a persimmon is of pucker.

John Smith (I can prove that his name was, and still is John Smith) was not indifferent to Jennie's charms. In point of fact, he loved her with an incandescent vehemence that amounted to an amatory euroclydon. Jennie knew this, and this knowledge contained for her oodles of prospective fun.

In conversations with me, she ridiculed the "gawky" young man named "Smith" and wondered how she should get even with him for having dared to fall in love with her.

One day she said to me: "Will, don't you want to have some fun?"

I did, of course. What normal young person doesn't want fun before everything else in the world?

"Now," said she, "John doesn't know we are

cousins. Even if he did (with a glance that bounced my heart clean up to my epiglottis), cousins may be lovers."

"Certainly, very certainly indeed," answered I in strange trepidation.

"I want you to play the lover with me, and we'll see how deep a shade of green we can work into John's system."

"Capital," said I, and I executed a couple of bars of the double shuffle.

From this on, for a while, John oozed down life under a deepening cloud of blackness, while I careered heavenward on the smiles of Jennie. In this instance, playing the lover rapidly thickened into being the lover. Jennie knew this too, and when I had gotten well into the mucilaginous stage, she gracefully fell away from me, and graciously warmed up to John. Thus she teeter-tottered us for a mortal year.

One day toward the end of this happy-miserable year, John and I met on a country road. In a little set speech, richly studded with red-headed exclamation points, I informed him that he was a soft-shelled chump, and incontestable bloke, without recourse, and I intimated that there was only a thin stratum of human forbearance between the toe of my boot and his person.

John retorted in kind, and I proceeded to chastise him. It appears that he himself was not wholly idle while I was thrashing him, for the party who separated us—a feat I had vainly attempted to accom-

plish—said to me: "Yer jedgment don't 'pear to ekal yer spunk—John Smith 'ud lick two of you."

Jennie is still single, and still "having fun with the fellows."

AS THREE-YEAR-OLD MABEL TELLS IT.

W'en Kismus, it comes an' 'ey's snow on 'e gwoun'
Kiskinkle, w'y he's go' to come to our town,
An' fetch lots o' pitty sings long on his sled,
Fer chiles 'at's bin dood, an' is fas' sleep in bed.

He'll slide down our chimley ist keen to de floor,
An' b'ing all he's dot, an' mebbe b'ing more,
An' I know w'at he's go' to fetch me an' our Tim,
Cause I wited a gwea' big long letter to him.

He'll b'ing me some ornges, 'n candies, 'na house
Made o' sooger, 'n he'll b'ing me a gway flannen mouse,
An' a dolly 'at opens an' shets boaf its eyes,
An' w'enever you queezes its 'tummick, it quies.

He'll b'ing bwuver Tim lots o' candy an'dum,
An' sojers, 'na jump-jack, 'na sled, an' a dwum,
An' *mebbe* a dun, but w'en muzzer is 'bout
He dasn't to soot, cause t'l put his eyes out.

Our baby's so teenty, don't want any toys,
Ner candy, ner nuffin like gwowder-up boys—
Feel so sorry fer it, an' ist pity it tause
It's too *ittle* to know 'ey's a dood Santa Claus.

RHYMIC JIM JAMS.

The wormest worm that worms
Is the ardent angle worm,
And the squirm'est thing that squirms
Is the eel, when't wants to squirm.

(*To be continued.*)

MENTAL GYMNASTICS.

Are voluntary mental gymnastics consistently possible? It is a modern conclusion that they are. Accordingly we see codes written out which include rules governing their employment. We are directed to set apart periods for uplifting mental exercise. During this hour, or half hour, or ten minutes, thus selected, we are to force the mind into a contemplation of things life-serving, elevating and beautiful. The body is to be made in every very fact the vassal of the mind. If a nerve send up a wail, *we*, in the absoluteness of *ego-ness*, are to *reply* it into quiescence. This is done by that contempt of matter, and subordinate mental states, which distinguishes spirit from grosser forms of manifestation. A class of lofty ideals in ethics are to be set before consciousness, and these are to be assimilated by our (unconditioned?) selfhoods. We must rise above the filmiest suspicion of bondage to matter—rise up into our actual, astral entitativeness. It is said that the experiences incident to this estate are beatific beyond ordinary conception—are, in fact, spiritual banquets.

It looks to me like these ecstatic transfigurations are necessarily accidental, not purposive psychic conditions; that they are not subject to personal volition, but are possible resultants of peculiarity of trend in particular constitutions. Now look at it: *we* are to *force*, or *direct* our minds, etc. Who are "*we?*" If mind is distinct from selfhood (unthinkable), is it the weaker of the two? Does selfhood employ the mind,

or *vice versa?* Can the ego *know* without the mind, and if so, wherewith does it know?

If autosuggestion is a fact, then we can control our beliefs. A fanatical preacher said to me lately: "You can believe as I do, if you want to do so." He did not seem to know that it is impossible to *want* to believe anything. We can not even *want* to want to do so. The *desire* is an affirmative response to appeals which that thing sends up to our judgment. It is partial or total acceptance—belief.

The power of mind over matter is marvellous indeed, but its stimulus comes from without. It does not originate *de novo*. All suggestion is extrapersonal. The mind can not command these stimuli, for that would be to surpass *itself*. This is merely an every-day physio-psychological fact. If stigmatism ever was a fact, we all know what it depended upon. Environment was all that made it possible. The concentration of the mind upon a part has always derived its primitive impulse, and its sustaining reinforcement from something external to self. Without denying the possibility of a part being affected by mental concentration, a belief in stigmatization must be taken as evidence of pious ignorance. We do not hear of stigmatism now.

We can not *will* a pain out of existence, because it is a part of consciousness, even as will-power itself is. To nullify consciousness, *will* would have to nullify itself.

I do not believe in voluntary mental gymnastics. Something extraneous to self must originate that series of psychic experiences which leads up to tran-

scendent episodes. A set of exalting influences, whether the result of advice or not, must bear an affinitive relationship to my fitting mood, before I can experience those spiritual upliftings which certain enthusiastic writers describe. The *conditions* must be right, and I can not control these. We can not feel good when we *will*, because we can not at once *be*, and *not* be ourselves.

THE BAD BOY.

(AS SHOWN UP BY THE GOOD BOY.)

They is a boy next door to me,
And that there boy is Billy Brown,
And my maw says she knows, 'at he
Is thes the baddest boy in town!

Wisht he wuz purt-nigh good as me,
Nen my maw, she couldn't say:
"No! he's bad as bad kin be—
You can't go out with him to play."

He's awful bad. I never know'd
Before, how bad a boy kin be.
I'm goin' to tell you how he show'd
His badness to my maw, and me.

'Taint more'n a week, out on the road,
He hit me, 'es'n choked my th'oat
An' on'y cause the stone I th'owed,
Thes happend-like to hit his goat.

He pulls our cat's tail, hardest kind,
Thes ef I pull theirn's, all in fun,
A leetle bit. An' nen he'll find
Some sort o' 'scuse fer wot he's done.

He put burrs on our dog, nen said
He *never!* 'n ast who put that there
Ole tar an' stuff on their dog's head—
Zef I know'd er zef I'd care!

He takes "rounces," an' he won't "fen,"
Ner "knuckle down," an' wins my taw,
An' my white ally; 'n allus nen,
I thes "snatch up," an' run to maw.

Won't never lend his gum to me,
Cause maw don't never bleve in it,
An' he's afeared my maw might see,
An' nen git up, an' make him git.

Some times 'fore now, he's pickt a fight
With other boys 'at's biggern him;
But *I* don't, cause that there ain't right—
Gim *me* the boy 'at's short an' slim.

Won't hardly never say his prayers—
Maw makes *me*. Nen he allus, when
He stumps his toe, thes purt-nigh swears!
Maw says he'll come to some bad en'.

RHYMIC JIM-JAMS.

The "flyest" fly that flies
Is the everyday house fly,
He'll tease you to death if he tries,
And he's always willing to try.

The fleetest flea that fleas
Is the busy barn-yard flea,
And the bee-est bee that bees
Is the hustling honey bee.

The chiggest chigger that chigs
Is the chigger you never find,
And the diggest digger that digs
Is the pig when he has a mind.

(*To be continued.*)

RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

Three all-involving institutions of belief and fact control the world. They always have done it and certainly always will do it. These are religion, politics and medicine. Only religion and medicine will be considered here. It is my purpose to compare the two with a view of drawing very hopeful and cheering conclusions from such review.

Religion is founded upon hopeful conjecture, justified by an innate question which can find an answer in the fact of immortality alone. Whether this question is original or was developed out of human pity and perpetuated by heredity, is the most solemn problem possibly conceivable. This heterogene fabric, religion, is buttressed by no axiomatic series, and cleristoried by no spiritual certitudes. Physical and psychological phenomena furnish no *doubtless* evidence that theological conclusions are justified by any objective facts. That eternal yearning of the soul which is mother to all the thousands of religious systems that have existed, and that emotional fever which deliriously lifts the spirit into imagined or real communion with God, can not be considered at length here. Because all the so-called phenomena characterizing active piety *may* be purely subjective and are *not* dependent upon demonstrable immortality, they can not be accepted as logical proof in the impartial comparison of religion and medicine. Only basic facts, derived from contemplation of naked

exactitudes, may be legitimately examined in a paper, such as this.

Like medicine, religion certainly came into being responsively to a natural want, and like medicine, it has grown and expanded and improved till some of its features now run parallel with rational deduction and our sense of the right. That religion is susceptible of improvement does not prove its unrealism; it may simply prove that the ultimate facts of theology have not yet been reached, and it does prove that God has not at any period in the past given these mighty truths to the world, since it would be something weaker and wickeder than blasphemy to admit puny man's ability to improve upon them.

For a reason which is right, because it exists and is not of human origin, vast accomplished facts are not given us in their totality. Only the hint is furnished and the end must be evolved out of a long succession of human achievements. That the broadest quality of happiness depends upon work to a possibly assured end, and that this expands the individual's functions and ultimates in massive progress, diminishes the inscrutability of natural methods, and hints strongly of an original superior intelligence. That up through this vast ladder whose rungs are epochs in progress, there is interwoven, like a thread of golden light, a beneficent trend, is nearly an assurance that back of it all is merciful intent under direction of questionless wisdom. This reasoning is not answerable to doctrinal devotion, but is in severe relations to logical exaction, and scientific precisiveness.

Medicine started in some remote barbaric era in answer to a human want. It grew with the growth of civilization, just as religion has done. Neither was based upon doubtless and fixed truths, but were systems of guess-work and haphazardism under the discipline of superstition. Through all the dark tedious years linking the *then* to within a double decade of the *now*, there was no specific therapeutics; there was no true balm in Gilead. Why did men tirelessly, unremittingly try on? The answer includes the most awful and pregnant fact within the scope of human thought. They tried on obediently to a fiat which could not have been evolved from dumb matter, *provided* a complex nervous structure or a Deific personality is necessary to what we term cerebration. Both religion and medicine have in them that quality of eternity which makes persistence inexhaustible and endless. This persistence is immediately sequential to the operation of that conservative fact which we call the "first law of nature," and this is primely constituent in the eternal constitution of things. Which is the more reasonable, that a conservative arrangement for a *perpetuative* end is the resultant of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms," or of purposive movement?

Very mysteriously the eventual procession moves on. Made up of billions of mere happenings as we see it, it has, as a whole, a very definite trend. This concourse may have started with a bioplasmic molecule; it now includes countless myriads of persons and things with the marvels they have evolved in

physics, and the thoughtful wonders and esthetic splendors with which they have adorned the sweep of Time.

What factor has been chiefly instrumental in human progress? It is not my fault if the fine revenges of history dictate the answer—*heresy.* To sceptics outside and heretics inside the church, present-day religion owes its freedom from those horrent features which made it worthy only of satanic parentage. These doubters are still at work, and there is plenty for them to do. Under the stimulus of their heterodoxy, the heathen is slowly immerging into light and the Christian is approximating that liberal standard which is to make religion at last the dispenser of "sweetness and light," and the haven of the hunted and haunted wayfarer.

Forced by heretical energy, chirurgy has slowly emerged from the most besotted condition of ignorance into the glory of the medical present. At last, *at last!* the pregnant question on which it floated across all the centuries, is meeting an affirmative response. The beginning of the answer to medicine's irrepressible question has shown its grateful presence in at least three absolute certitudes. A vast cumulative hope has merged finally into an established verity—the *right* drug in a given condition *will cure;* the disease being curable. Medicine will now go on from triumph to triumph unto the end.

We have seen that religion and medicine have trodden down the ages elbow to elbow. We have seen that the justification for their existence—per-

petuative conservatism—is common. We have seen that the great question which is the axis cylinder of medicine, has met the initial portion of its answer. We have seen that they have moved thus far in an analogical relationship. Will logical consistency be subserved by an abandonment of this parity of reasoning at this juncture? The mighty question which constitutes religious possibility is reaching no less strenuously than ever before, for its complement—the answer. Its sister, medicine, has found hers. Shall the major and minor premises of the awful syllogism which nature has formulated, never meet the responsive conclusion upon which hangs the yearning hope of a world?

However it will be, it will be well, because it will be right. Not right in some occult sense, incomprehensible to mortal man, but right as *we* apprehend the right. Otherwise nature would stultify herself in withholding complementary response—an impossible self-violation. The very integrity of the universe depends upon that same self-consistency which guarantees a compensative feature in all facts which seem antagonistically related to our weal. Upon this largest, upon this absolutely undeniable fact, hangs all physical and spiritual possibility. It contains a guaranty, infolded in temporal life's insufficiency as related to man's developmental possibilities, which would seem to amply justify that beautiful dream which comprehends an endless existence in which vistas of usefulness and beauty beckon forever to the freed soul.

HOW STRANGELY THINGS HAPPEN.

Just only to think of it, Kate has a beau!
And she, like myself, but sixteen—
How instar I'd tell the soft noodle to go,
But *she's* too unspeakably green.

I saw the two children at church Sunday night,
And she was chock full of her wiles,
And he, like any "cute," unmustached wight,
Was all love-glances and smiles.

I'm clean of such silliness, thanks to good sense,
And would give something pretty to see
The man, whatever his sweet eloquence,
Who could make an impression on me.

From this time henceforth, I'm clear done with Kate.
She can prink, and can prim, and can trim,
As much as she likes; and I hope that kind Fate
Will spare me from e'er meeting him.

* * * * * *

How strangely things happen—near six months ago
It now is, since Kate called on me;
She brought along with her that "pestilent beau,"
Whom I did not at all want to see.

Presenting the young man she lovingly said:
"My long absent brother,"—and oh!
How deepest shame helped me in bowing my head
To Katy's *now* quite welcome "beau."

How noble he looked! Oh, the mystery of it—
What made me dream of him that night?
What mortal shall e'er write the history of it—
"Love dawnings"—and write it aright.

Yes, strangely things happen, 'tis six months ago—
How fast, oh! how fast I have aged—
Since Kate was at church with her unmustached beau,
Now *that* beau and I are—engaged.

DO RIGHT AND TRUST IN GOD.

The above title comprehends my religious creed. Supplemented with the Golden Rule, it seems to me that it covers the entire moral aspect of life. Whatever your religious predilections, dear reader, it instantly commends itself to your common sense and your instincts of right.

That little six-word creed with its natural corollary, the Golden Rule, is in complete and perfect harmony with all that is good and beautiful in the universe. It might have filtered down into our souls directly from the Creator, so far as any religious deficiency in it is concerned. It embraces conservatively all that is sweet and redeeming in human nature and human conduct. It is full of the gentle beauty of humility, and is radiant with brotherly love, charity, faith and reverence. Written on the starry portal of heaven itself it would only subserve holy fitness, and would shine there as an essential emanation of divinity.

But it won't do—unless it includes the Christian scheme. Your life may be as pure as starlight; may realize the loftiest ideals of noble manhood and womanhood; may be all indeed that the goodness of sainthood means, still if you are not so constituted that you can *believe* a particular thing, you will be damned. Something depends upon your method of life, but a thousand times more depends upon your *belief*. You must believe in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, including that of trinitarianism, vicarious

atonement, etc., before your salvation is possible, no matter how pure and good your life may be. There is no other name under heaven whereby you can be saved, but that of Christ. You must accept Christ or you are lost. The quality of your mind and heart may be such that you can *not* do this. Merely, then, you are doomed to an eternity of woe. It is true that endless agony can not do you any good, and it *seems* true that it can not do God any good, but then you were not able to *believe*, don't you see? If God had required you to change the color of your eyes on pain of eternal torment, and you had failed to do so, wouldn't you deserve to be damned? This is orthodoxy. Millions of good people believe in it. I can not understand how they do so, but shall I blame or ridicule them for it?

I wish the Christian could consistently allow the goodness and sufficiency of my creed, but he can not. I know many noble people within orthodox churches who earnestly and deeply deplore the impossibility of such a concession. It is a perpetual joy to me that my creed covers all peoples and conditions, so that I can consistently take the Christian by the hand and call him brother.

This creed of mine is a good one for the physician. It enables him to cheer the sick and reassure the dying. Being neither a narrow Christian nor bigoted Atheist, he can, without self-stultification, infuse light and hope into the poor, doubting, terrified, appealing soul that is about to take its flight. The Atheist will not accept this creed because it recognizes God: the

Christian rejects it because it recognizes God too much. It falls within the beneficent mean that fits poor human nature and glorifies Jehovah. *Do right, as you see the right, and trust in God as you understand God.*

WRITTEN IN EMMA'S ALBUM.

Oh, mony a body I hae kenned—
An' sae hae you
Wha ca'd himsel' a faithfu' friend,
Baith tried an' true;

Wha dealt in protestations strang
O' his devotion,
An' vow'd that you, yoursel' cam spang
Up to his notion;

But wha when you becam in need
O' sic a brither,
Betook himsel' awa with speed
To—cheat anither.

Sic bodies, Emma, dinna trust—
Their adulation
Is na better than a thrust
O' defamation.

Their lips may whisper words o' love,
The whunstane heart,
Untouched the while, will never move
To take a part.

Oh! Emma, let us strive to be
Wi' all our dealing,
Free from guile an' treachery,
In thought an' feeling.

Sae may our lives glide smooth an' even,
Till death shall come,
An' sweetly usher us in Heaven,
Our future home.

ENFANT TERRIBLE.

My neighbor had a boy—alas, he has him still. Some ten years now have lapsed since first he dawned, and I will wager my own life the devil held a *fete* that luckless night. Until 'tis proved that deviltry in essence forms part of God's great plan, I can not reconcile this youth's existence with Divine consistency.

A gamin pure, in all the word implies, he adds hell-bent refinements to the character, which no pen can describe. His impish versatility no limit finds, save in the checks of the impossible.

He swears in natural C, and snatches up at marbles, and delights to rob birds' nests. And when green-apple time is on, or watermelon time, he forages successfully, and walks upon his hands in his excessive glee when other boys are howling with the gripes. He smokes "snipes" which he gathers on the pave, and "flings rocks" through street lamps, and talks outrageous slang; encourages dog fights, is ambidextrous in a fisticuff, and in his accuracy, leads all the devil-slingists in his ward.

He only goes to school when driven, and then spends all his time in bending pins at proper angle for his teacher's woe, and studying close the festive fly's anatomy. He will not say his prayers, and has no use for knives or forks at table; don't say "please" nor "yes, sir," nor "yes, ma'am," and doesn't know there's such a word as "thanks." Throws lighted fire-crackers in your face, and laughs consumedly at

your discomfiture; makes pictures unrefined with chalk on fences, plays "tick-tack," delights in blow-guns, pop-guns, squirt-guns and toy pistols. Always overworks the patience due him from his sister's beau, and never goes to sunday-school or church, for he would rather "play for keeps" than go to heaven.

By idiosyncrasy is he pragmatic, and he scooteth deviously by native bent. To skite through curves eccentric, he was born, and exigencies oft createth he which sendeth him fast shinning it down steep back-stairs, and through dark alleys and by-ways, cat-haunted, mean and serpentine.

I own a dog, a "towsy tyke," of manners mild and social nose. I love that dog, and it is not too much to say that he reciprocates that love. One day last month he came into the house with most unseemly haste—he came via the lower sash. His tail was dislocated and was hairless, and a piece of string was hanging to it yet. Our rooster's life came to a tragic terminus last week—that boy had "sicked" his game cock onto ours. Our best canary bird has lost an eye—unerring devil-sling. Diplopia is what ails our cat—tobacco juice. Pruritis drives our pet goat wild—'twas terebinthina. And so, dear reader, so on endlessly.

If it was meant that we should love our neighbors as ourselves, I waive that Scripture, for 'tis plain fate hath declared for me a damned emergency, and therefore, it is nothing that I sit up late o' nights to hate that boy.

Two days ago he got into a squabble with a bull, and Taurus disemboweled him. And when I heard

of it I fell into eclamsic ecstasy, and came near dying of o'erwhelming thankfulness.

He told his pap the wound was hurting some, and so the foolish man came after me to treat his son. I fed th' infernal kid on alcoholics strong, and poured down spices hot as h-heaven knows what, and several times injected fuming nitric acid in his peritoneal sac, but he got well within three days, and now seems spryer and more diabolicker than e'er before.

My property is now for sale, and if needs be, I'll sell it for a song, but don't, please *don't* offer "Boom-Ta-Ra," for *he* sings that with fell Mephistophelian pertinacity.

My home disposed of, I shall creep into the bow'ls of Shakerdom, where boys are never born, and there ooze through the balance of my blasted life.

RHYMIC JIM-JAMS.

The hoggest hog that hogs
Is the hoggiest, hoggishest hog,
And the doggest dog that dogs
Is the inevitable "yaller dog."

The duckest duck that ducks
Is the flattest footed duck,
And the cluckest thing that clucks
Is a hen when on the cluck.

The goosest goose that gooses
Is the old white gander goose,
And the moosest moose that mooses
Is the very most moosish moose.

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

Our baby has a kitty,
Which is very cute and pretty,
And full of all a kitty's frolic ways;
And nothing could be sweeter,
Or be neater or completer,
Than the way our baby crows when kitty plays.

And Lolly has a dolly,
And she calls her dolly "Polly,"
And she tosses it and bosses it all day—
She dresses and caresses it,
And mother-like, she "blesses" it,
And only quits when tired out with play.

And Johnny has a pony,
And he named his pony "Roany,"
And there never, never was a greater pet;
And such is Johnny's pride of it,
He's half the time astride of it—
A happier boy and pony never met.

And Bridget has a "cousin"
Who is "worruth a half a dozen
Av anny ither wan (she) iver had,"
For such is his devotion
He said he had a notion
"To ax her wud she marry (him) bedad!"

And what is there of treasure,
And what is there of pleasure
For "papa," and for me this pretty while?
Oh! we're happy as the birds are
Whose twitterings the words are:
"We're drinking of God's sweet eternal smile!"

SUBJECTIVITY.

Before publishing my editorial on "Mental Gymnastics," which appeared in the April GLEANER, I read it as a paper before the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical Society. Much discussion followed in which it was developed that only one or two of all the doctors present had correctly apprehended its essential import. The radicles of its basis originate in a layer of sublogic not often worked by the busy practitioner, so that it was natural that it should have been misunderstood. The nub of the whole argument depends upon a recognition of that psychic impossibility, which is paralleled in the physical difficulty one would experience in attempting to lift himself up by his boot straps.

The discussion finally veered into sciolistic glimpsings at that subjective philosophy which is the outcome of exaggerated idealism. The doctrine is almost as old as time, its original and native habitat being in India. The oriental mystics, those strange recluses who introspect themselves into adeptship, *know*, according to Hensoldt and other Orientalists, that matter is unreal, being merely a mental phenomenon.

Their conclusions may be said to be elementarily illustrated in the position that there could be no sound if there were not ears to hear. In this case, however, the phenomenon depends upon a complexity of conditions which furnishes a footing for counter argument, which is hardly the case with reference to their stock mode of reasoning. There could be no

sound, for that is merely the name of an effect in the sensorium. The auditory apparatus is one of the elements of sound, vibration being the other. Now, the question remains, would there be *vibration* if there were no ears? The Eastern esoterics say there would not. Vibration is the cause, hearing, the effect. Cause and effect are interdependent. Destroy an effect and you abolish the related cause. You could no longer call it a cause, for it would no longer be such. *Cause?* Cause of what? Your cause has disappeared with your effect.

"But," you will argue, "the physical condition which we *called* a cause, still exists—we have only lost a term."

Not so, say the pundits; the *cause* included the *condition*, and you admit the cause is gone. Where then is your condition? These philosophers deny, in toto, the possibility of objectivity. All things exist in mind alone, and matter is an illusion.

If we are capable of self-contemplation, then *self* becomes an object, and by their standard, is annihilated; so that their logic, pushed to its ultimate, establishes our very own nonexistence. This was the conclusion of idealism, but the Indian philosophers knew better; they knew that self-contemplation is impossible, for the same reason that auto-suggestion is impossible. *Self* would have to *exceed itself* to examine *itself*. This is auto-annulling stultification, and is a capital absurdity.

"*Matter is an illusion; mind alone is real.*" This is the conclusion of Hindoo philosophy. It is probably undeniable that, as related to occultism and the riddle

of existence, the Hindoo philosophers are the greatest on earth. The doctrine threads those marvelous collations of intellectual subtleties and moral precepts, the vedas and Upanishads, and gives direction to the mental trend and temporal policies of that wonderful people, the Hindoos, to whom *we send missionaries!*

We send missionaries to them because their religion is heterodox, being both theosophic and pantheistic. Ah! well, if Christianity is a gentler and sweeter religion than Buddhism, it is right to send missionaries, whatever may be either their or our philosophy.

WHO MAY PRAY.

Can a lawyer, or doctor, or undertaker consistently pray for his daily bread? In thus praying, the lawyer asks for a continuance of strife and crime; the doctor, for continued sickness and suffering, and the undertaker, for an unbroken succession of deaths. It *inevitably* reduces to this, for things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

But crime, sickness and death are eternal and beneficent facts. *Beneficent*, because without them there could exist no opportunities to do good in the world. Virtue feeds on vice. The useful class of men referred to, do right in praying for a perpetuation of God's moral economy. It is a divine fact that in praying for a continuance of the present order, these men are praying for an unending series of opportunities to help their fellow man. The fact is, it is philosophically and religiously competent for *any one* to pray.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Dear Jim, if I may speak to you—
There, sparkling in the distant blue
Of Fame's high heaven—I'd like to ask
How sweet a thing it is to bask
Perennially in glory? Oh,
"Our Jamesy" of the Long-ago
Can you still sympathize with me,
A mote in an eternity
Of millions? But I know you can:
The lion ruleth not the man,
For still, like spears of astral glints
In radiant space, we see
A generous soul's unconscious hints,
In all your minstrelsy.
You may not tell me just how rare
The atmosphere is where you fare,
And really, Jamesy, I don't care—
Glad as I am that you're up there—
For, long as I can surely know
That you are still my friend—
The Riley of the Long-ago—
And will be to the end,
It is enough, old friend of mine,
And here's my hand for auld lang syne.

SPARKING.

What's pleasanter on a Sunday night,
When seated by a fire's light,
And everything is looking bright,
Than sparking?

Or, if you'd rather walk than sit,
And heaven has all her candles lit,
What's nicer than to walk a bit,
When sparking?

Or, if one's beau has trotting stock,
And one would rather ride than walk
What's better than a riding talk,
While sparking?

Or, if the ground is white with snow,
What then is gayer than to go
In sleigh and furs beside your beau
A sparking?

Or, if the sleighs and buggies fail,
And there's a lake about, and gale,
What's gloriouser than just a sail,
When sparking?

Indeed I care not what may be
The bearing circumstantially—
There's nought yields such felicity
As sparking.

I know old bachelors will say
That courting seriously don't pay—
They think it's throwing time away,
This sparking.

Old maids—I say it blushingly—
Will incontestably agree
That 'tis the height of vanity—
This sparking.

But let them all say what they will,
I'm of the same opinion still,
And will be till I get my fill
Of sparking.

TAKE HOPE, BROTHER.

Out of the dark cloud of doubt, and superstition, and bitter dogmatism, which has overhung the religious world across all the ages of the past, light is breaking. The chaos of opinion—the lurid phantasmagoria of orthodoxies and hetrodoxies, and heresies and dissensions and creedic bigotries, are melting into a common, rational and humane trend of thought and belief. The pulpit savageries which, within four or five decades, were wont to shake the chattering sinner over a brimstone hell till he protestively "took up the cross," are now almost no more. Instead of being a horrent and repellent system, back-grounded with the vengeance of a defied and thwarted Deity, religion generally, now wears a hopeful, beckoning aspect. Its expounders are not the crushed, self-contemning, joy-blighting pietists of a few years ago, whose very smiles were but another form of sighs, and whose professional vocalization was wholly funereal; instead, they are the thoughtful, tolerant, hopeful, *happy* dispensers of the gentle gospel of "*Peace, good will to men.*

Take Heart, Brother.—Out of the feral of a tedious, medical night, through which the cruelest therapeutic vagaries and superstitions were made damnably effective by force of a despotic mode of thought, a gentle therapeutic train of certainties under broad and humane tolerance, is being evolved. If the character of the minister has changed, no less so has that of the physician. Instead of the coarse thinker, coarse drugger, miserable book-dependent and ethical

slave of the dark past, we have the live, progressive, enlightened, liberal, forbearing, medical ministrant, who does not ask to be coddled by the state, and whose code of ethics is the Golden Rule. The awful riddle of existence is untangling, and we are merging into premillenial light—into that blessed era of fraternal reciprocity, and co-operative philanthropy, toward which the world has been working since God thought it into being. Take hope; take heart, brother!

COMPOUND CASE COMPLEXLY TREATED.*

Professor Lloyd has been rubbing me up in chemistry a little lately—the New Chemistry. Although I claim to be polyverbiverous, I confess that the verbitudinosities which he reeled off with such *non chalant* abandon staggered me a little at first. However, I soon got onto them, so that now it is painful to me to have to hear the merely quintuple-jointed words of old-time doctors and chemists.

Two weeks ago I was summoned to the bedside of Djoahnne Sdtleometzhler. The involute and labryinthinate tangle of his symptoms made me suspect at first that he had absorbed his own name. But further examination convinced me that he was the victim of typhomalariopneumophthisicotrychinotetanoataxionephriticosplenitis. Owing to the ubiquity of pathogenic bacilli, antiseptics are always indicated, so I exhibited calcium betanaphtholalphamonosulpho-

*The above has been copied all over the world. The explanation of this lies in the fact of its extreme modesty and simplicity.

nate. As the patient suffered from a severe non-localized pain, I gave orthooxyethylana-monobenzoylamidoquinoline, combined with salicylaldehydmethylphenylhydrazine. For his insomnia I gave trichloraldehydphenyldimethylpyrazolene.

His wife asked me what ailed him, and what I was giving him. I told her, and she said "yes," and turned very pale.

Upon examining him the next evening, I became convinced that the vital forces had misconstrued the remedies, and that a congeries of retroabsorptions had resulted. I then wrote out the following prescription:

R. Tetrahydrobetanaphtholamine,
Sodium thioparatoluidinesulphonate,
Orthosulphamidobensoic anhidride,
Amidoacetoparaphenetidine aa, ℥i.
M. Sig. A tablespoonful every hour.

When the wife presented the prescription to the druggist he instantly dropped dead. The patient is up and about, but something is wrong with his Broca's convolution—he mutters in a multisyllabic lingo which is intelligible only to modern pharmacal chemists. I am in hiding, where the spiral melody of the woodbine that twineth blendeth ever with the sweet, low, soothing, murmurous, quadrisyllabic, rhythmic rune of the gentle polygonum punctatum.

RHYMIC JIM JAMS.

(*Concluded.*)

The mulest mule that mules
Is the highest kicking mule,
And the foolest fool sure 'nough,
Is the fool that wrote this stuff.

CONSOLATION.

If you are normal you will dread death, whatever your religious predilections. Not without reasons that seem infinitely cruel, death has been called "The King of Terrors." It ruthlessly extinguishes the warm, gracious habit of existence, and heartlessly breaks up all our sweet relationships with the beloved and the beautiful.

Our self-involvement is such that it requires a supreme effort to see clear around this awful question. The fact is, there are exactly as many reasons why we should be willing to die, as there are reasons why we should be willing to live. As an initial mitigant in the contemplation of this question, let us remember that although dissolution is certain, life is the rule—with reference to yourself—and death, the exception. Remember that death can rob you of nothing. First, because life is a gift, or possibly a loan, and to recall this is to inflict no injustice upon you—you did not earn, or in any way purchase life. Second, death can rob you of nothing because if there is a future state of existence, you simply pass from a lower to a higher form of life. The change is gainful to you unless the infinitude of God's mercy and goodness is not a truth. If annihilation is a fact, you are cheated out of nothing; because, after you are dead, it will be absolutely and precisely the same as if you had never existed. In that case there *was*, within the purview of intelligence, just "a flash between two eternities," that is all. If the death-bed puts a period to your

entitative existence, then it is practically true that *you never shall have been*, for the sum of —, + and — = —. You were not, you are, you are not, reduces to eternal nonentity in the end, so that the idea of deprivation cannot be associated with the conditions. You are not wronged even if death ends all.

Death is infallibly and eternally right, or it could not, and would not be. It is as righteous as "the process of the suns" and the constancy of the planets, for it is a part of God's infinite scheme. Rightness essentially and intrinsically includes our very highest good, for the very unshakable reason that it is *rightness*. Suffering too is good, for it is, inscrutably enough, an element of rightness.

Let us bow bravely to our various fates, conscious that if we had the brains and hearts of angels, we should fall infinitely short in an attempt to improve existing conditions. However it will be with us, it will be inconceivably better than we could have planned it for ourselves. This is just as true as it is true that with a million times more intelligence than we have, we could not give helpful suggestions to the Creator.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 785 727 7